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LATER
ENGLISH POEMS

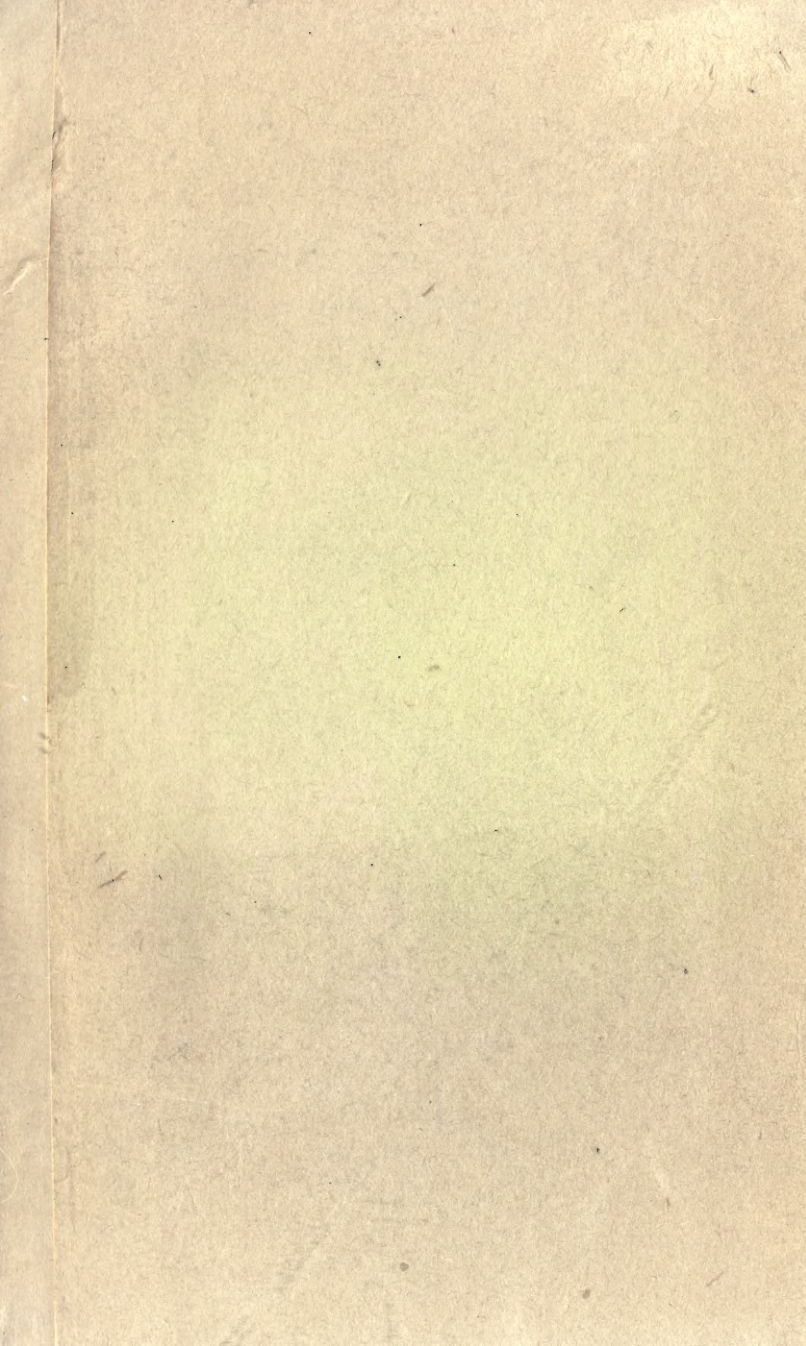
1901 — 1922

COLLECTED AND EDITED
BY
J. E. WETHERELL



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of
Nineteenth Century
English Literature

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Later English Poems

1901 - 1922



A GROUP OF THE YOUNGER POETS

John Drinkwater
W. W. Gibson
Robert Nichols

J. C. Squire
Harold Monro

Walter de la Mare
John Freeman
W. J. Turner

LEC
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Later English Poems

1901 - 1922

Selected and Edited
by

J. E. Wetherell, B. A.

Author of "*Fields of Fame*," Editor of "*Later Canadian Poems*,"
"*Later American Poems*," "*Poems of the Love of Country*,"
and "*The Great War in Verse and Prose*."

"Poets are the unrecognized legislators of the world."

— Shelley

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Contents

	Page
PREFACE	11
BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES	17
ROBERT BRIDGES—	
From "Britannia Victrix"	43
Trafalgar Square, September, 1917	44
THOMAS HARDY—	
In Time of "The Breaking of Nations"	46
Napoleon After Waterloo (From "The Dynasts")	46
EDMUND GOSSE—	
To Our Dead	48
SIR WILLIAM WATSON—	
Our Men	50
The Soul of Rouget de Lisle	51
Kindred	52
The Fields of the Future	53
KATHARINE TYNAN—	
For an Airman	54
A Prayer	55
WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS—	
The Wild Swans at Coole	57
RUDYARD KIPLING—	
A Song in Storm—1914-1918	59
The Children's Song	61
LAURENCE BINYON—	
For the Fallen	63

	Page
SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH—	
Coronation Hymn	65
RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE—	
In Memory of a Young Airman	67
DORA SIGERSON—	
The Secret	70
The Defenders	71
STEPHEN PHILLIPS—	
A Poet's Prayer	72
T. W. H. CROSLAND—	
Post Proelium (Jutland)	74
SIR HENRY NEWBOLT—	
From "The Service"	76
The Toy Band-A Song of the Great Retreat	77
RICHARD LE GALLIENNE—	
Catalogue of Lovely Things	80
Desiderium	81
MAURICE HEWLETT—	
Mist Mirage	83
The Spire	84
SIR OWEN SEAMAN—	
Pro Patria	86
In Memory of The Dead	87
"Grace"	88
HILAIRE BELLOC—	
The Night	91
GEORGE WILLIAM RUSSELL (A. E.)—	
Babylon	92
T. STURGE MOORE—	
David and Goliath	94

	Page
G. K. CHESTERTON—	
Music	96
HAROLD BEGBIE—	
From "Ode on the Burial of Edward the Peacemaker"	97
Britons Beyond the Seas	99
JOHN MASEFIELD—	
The Ship and Her Makers	103
FORD MADOX HUEFFER—	
Spring on the Woodland Path	105
WILFRID WILSON GIBSON—	
The Stone	106
C. FOX SMITH—	
Merchantmen	110
HENRY W. NEVINSON—	
A Shrine	112
Space	112
HERBERT TRENCH—	
Battle of the Marne	113
Romney Marshman's Love Song	114
O Dreamy, Gloomy, Friendly Trees!	116
JOHN FREEMAN—	
Happy is England now	117
Stone Trees	118
JOHN DRINKWATER—	
A Prayer	120
The Miracle	121
ALFRED NOYES—	
Kilmeny	123
GORDON BOTTOMLEY—	
New Year's Eve, 1913	125

	Page
The Ploughman	126
WALTER DE LA MARE—	
Haunted	128
Silver	129
LAURENCE HOUSMAN—	
Search-Lights	130
The Bands of Orion	131
MAURICE BARING—	
Diffugere Nives, 1917	133
Julian Grenfell	135
HAROLD MONRO—	
Lake Lemán (from "Before Dawn")	136
Hearthstone	138
WILLIAM H. DAVIES—	
Sweet Stay-at-Home	140
Leisure	141
GERALD GOULD—	
Fallen Cities	142
'Tis But a Week	143
SIR RONALD ROSS—	
Hesperus	144
RALPH HODGSON—	
From "The Song of Honour"	146
Time, You Old Gipsy Man	147
The Mystery	148
JAMES ELROY FLECKER—	
Thoughts of England	149
LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE—	
From "Emblems of Love"	151
J. C. SQUIRE—	
Paradise Lost	153

Sonnet—"There was an Indian"	Page 154
JAMES STEPHENS— Deirdre	155
H. DE VERE STACPOOLE— The Flag-Ship	157
ROBIN FLOWER— Tir Na N-og	159
RUPERT BROOKE— The Dead	161
The Soldier	162—
THEODORE MAYNARD— The World's Miser	163
Silence	164
EDEN PHILLPOTTS— In Gallipoli	165
JOHN OXENHAM— For the Men at the Front	167
W. M. LETTS— The Spires of Oxford	169
In the Making	170
PATRICK R. CHALMERS— The Great Adventure	172
JULIAN GRENFELL— Into Battle (May, 1915)	174 —
ROBERT NICHOLS— At the Wars	176
Farewell	177
ROBERT GRAVES— A Pinch of Salt	179
W. J. TURNER— Romance	180

	Page
H. H. BASHFORD— The High Road	182
F. W. HARVEY— The Bugler	184
ERIC CLOUGH TAYLOR— A Ring	185
ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE— The Guards Came Through	186
"KLAXON"— A Sea-Chanty	188
"He went to Sea on the Long Patrol"	189
R. E. VERNEDE— To Canada	191
SIEGFRIED SASSOON— Sick Leave	193
Song-books of the War	194
FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG— A Farewell to Africa	195
Sonnet—"Not only for Remembered Loveliness"	196
GEOFFREY DEARMER— Keats, Before Action	197
"We Poets of the Proud Old Lineage"	198
P. H. B. LYON— Morituri Te Salutant	199
"Now to be Still and Rest"	200
WILFRED OWEN— Strange Meeting	202
EDMUND BLUNDEN— Almswomen	204
DOROTHY E. NORMAN-SMITH— Day's End	206

Preface

Only poems written in the present century appear in this book, as is indicated by the sub-title, 1901-1922. Of making many anthologies there is no end, but no other collection, it is believed, has adopted the same limitations as to time. English poems of the new century, accordingly, would be an adequate designation of the scope and the contents of this anthology, styled here "Later English Poems." The term "English" is used, not because these poets were nearly all born in England, as indeed they were, but because all their books, with one or two exceptions, were published in England. Whether born in Bombay or in Edinburgh or in Dublin, they all became English under the lure of London.

The order of arrangement adopted in this book is determined, not by the birth-date of the poet, but mainly by the date of the publication of each author's first book of verse. While this has been the guiding principle in the arrangement of the poems, an occasional departure from the rule has been found expedient. Indeed, in a few cases the information necessary for an exact ranking of the poets in the order of their earliest publications has not been available. It is a happy circumstance that the glorious procession is led by the Poet Laureate, whose first book appeared in 1873, and

who more than forty years later gave to the world the two striking poems which represent him in this anthology. It is fitting, too, that Thomas Hardy should appear at the beginning of the long line, as his Wessex Poems, although not published till 1898, were written from 1865 onwards. Moreover, "Under the Greenwood Tree" and "A Pair of Blue Eyes" (1872) reveal in every chapter the poetic genius of the man who was to startle the world with "The Dynasts" in 1903-1908.

To attempt to analyse the tendencies of these twenty years of English song would prove of little service to the reader. No other twenty years in the history of our literature has had so strange and varied a fashioning. First, a period of tentative activity, mainly lyrical, when the new century opened, gave high promise of no ordinary achievement. Then came the War, ravaging all plans, all conventions, all the quiet modes of thought and feeling; tearing heart-strings; and even drawing into the gulf of doom many of the young poets who had promised so much. For over four years most of the normal themes of poetry were abandoned. The poets—old, middle-aged, and young—gravitated to the themes which the troubled years demanded, and sang mainly of England's bitter struggle, of England's glorious sacrifice, of England's sure and certain hope of final victory. After November, 1918, the poets, staggering and bewildered, had to begin their literary life anew. Many of them, fortunately for the world, soon sought the old paths, although with mien forever sobered. A few of them, with bloody heads unbowed, set themselves the

task of solacing the broken-hearted millions of their race. A few of them (and it should not seem strange), turned almost cynics, drew away from everything that savoured of old customs and old forms, and essayed odd vagaries in subject and in style. Moreover, in every corner of England new voices were soon heard, not heard before or during the War. Some of the lyrics of these post-bellum writers lend a rich glow to the closing pages of this collection.

In a recently published bibliography of British poetry there appear over a thousand names. In selecting the sixty or seventy who were adequately to represent in this anthology the poetry of the first two decades of the century, the editor had no difficulty with the first thirty names. Thereafter came industrious search, the constant exercise of individual taste and preference, and a careful consideration of the opinions of other anthologists. It is not to be expected that any reader will wholly agree with the editor's choice, since it is always true, and never more true than in this transition period of poetry, that there is no disputing about matters of taste. Some writers of verse who are almost unknown, and who may be utterly unknown a century hence, are represented in this book, because in some moments of lofty inspiration they have scaled the poetic heights where habitually dwell the small and favoured band of genuine poets. On the contrary, some writers of verse, well known and much heralded in certain circles, are not represented here, because these pages have been sedulously kept free from whatever might be considered by any readers as coarse

or fantastic. Moreover, no poems have been admitted here which set at naught or even sneer at the established doctrines and traditions of the past, whether in the region of ethics or in that golden demesne "which bards in fealty to Apollo hold."

There is no attempt in this volume to distinguish among schools of poetry. The epoch of twenty years during which all these poems were written begins with the poets who lived and wrote in the reign of Victoria and extends over a period which includes the so-called "Georgian Poets" of to-day. Even if definite lines of demarcation between groups of poets were possible, it would be an impertinence to try to classify the very diverse varieties of poetry here collected. The intelligent reader will easily form his own judgments if he has a strong inclination for classification which must be satisfied. It is imperative, however, that a word should be said regarding one species of verse now much talked about.

Although Cowper brought a new spirit into English verse and helped to redeem it from much of the monotony and artificiality that had swayed his predecessors, it was he who in a burst of candour revealed some of the devices of poetic composition by which even he, with all his independence, was still enthralled:

"There is a pleasure in poetic pains
Which only poets know. The shifts and turns,
The expedients and inventions multiform
To which the mind resorts, in chase of terms
Though apt, yet coy, and difficult to win,—
To arrest the fleeting images that fill

The mirror of the mind, and hold them fast,
And force them sit, till he has pencilled off
A faithful likeness of the forms he views."

Just as Cowper was passing from the stage of letters a commanding figure appeared who was to become the great leader of the revolt against the stern poetic fashions of the 18th century. No reader of the "Intimations" can fail to notice that Wordsworth has deliberately thrown off the fetters of custom in his stanza forms, in the beats of the metrical feet, and even in the quality of the rhymes. In the sonnet, too, the most severe of all poetic moulds, he has strayed so far from the vogue as to create a new form, now generally styled "Wordsworthian." Matthew Arnold, a disciple of Wordsworth, carried the spirit of revolt a step farther. "Rugby Chapel" created a new species of "free verse," yet every line of that masterpiece is held in strict restraint by definite laws of melody and harmony, and the whole poem is charged with glorious emotion and imagery, and marches majestically on a high poetic level. William Ernest Henley in his great poem, "Out of the Night that covers me," has used rhyming tetrameters with fairly regular movement, but in the very next of his "Echoes," "I am a reaper," he uses a form of *vers libre* that must delight the friskiest of modern rebels. Arnold and Henley, however, chose poetic themes and always employed original and noble images. Their *vers libre* is not "prose sliced into contortion," a type of verse rather for the eye than for the ear and for the spirit. Prose chopped up into fragments, little or big, can never be accepted as poetry, how-

ever loud the voices that proclaim the new doctrine of rampant license, however large the train of followers which mob-like applauds.

Nearly fifty of the poems in this volume, that is, nearly half of them, are related, directly or indirectly, to the Great War and its multitude of stern activities. When it is remembered that the gigantic struggle cut a wide swath into the period of twenty years (1901-1922) and that it disturbed or revolutionized nearly every phase of English life and thought, it must be evident that the four years of the terrible upheaval require for adequate poetic portrayal nearly as much space as four times four placid years of peaceful pursuits.

The pieces chosen for this anthology have been most carefully and very repeatedly considered. It must be admitted, nevertheless, that no special canons of literary judgment, however ancient or respected, have been employed to measure excellence. The editor's individual preference, notwithstanding the perils which beset such a guide to selection, has, in the main, governed his choice. As a shield, however, against the shafts of possible criticism a special plea is here put forward. The poets themselves who are represented in this volume,—and they have nearly all been consulted,—have approved of the editor's choice. It is true that two or three in the gentlest fashion made suggestions which were most gratefully received and acted upon.

Toronto, March, 1922.

Biographical Notes

ABERCROMBIE, LASCELLES

Lascelles Abercrombie was born in 1881. He was educated at Malvern College and at Victoria University, Manchester. His education was mainly of a scientific nature. He belongs to the school of so-called metaphysical poets. As his chief poems are dramatic and speculative, his favourite medium of expression is naturally blank verse. His first volume, "Interludes and Poems," appeared in 1908. "The Sale of St. Thomas" in 1911 was quickly followed in 1912 by "Deborah, a Play in Three Acts," "Thomas Hardy, a Critical Study," and "Emblems of Love," a remarkable collection of blank verse dialogues. There is a strong spiritual under-current in nearly all his productions.

BARING, HON. MAURICE

Hon. Maurice Baring is the 4th son of the 1st Lord Revelstoke. He was born in 1874. He was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge. At the age of 24 he entered the diplomatic service, and lived successively at Paris, at Copenhagen, and at Rome. As special correspondent of several London papers he afterwards visited Russia, Constantinople, and the Balkans. He served with distinction in the Great War in various capacities, especially as a senior officer in the Royal Air Force. O.B.E., 1918. He is the author of numerous books in prose and verse. Among his volumes of poems are—"The Black Prince and Other Poems," 1902; "Sonnets and Short Poems," 1906; "Poems 1914-1917" (1918). He has written no fewer than eight books dealing with Russia.

BASHFORD, HENRY HOWARTH

Henry Howarth Bashford, M.D., was born in 1880. Educated at Bedford, London University, and London

Hospital. Author of one volume of poems, "Songs out of School" (1916).

BEGBIE, HAROLD

Harold Begbie was born at Fornham St. Martin, Suffolk, 1871. Author and Journalist. He has written over thirty books, including several volumes of verse. "Fighting Lines," published in 1914, contains both the selections re-printed in this anthology.

BELLOC, HILAIRE

Hilaire Belloc was born in 1870, the son of a French father and an English mother. He was educated at Balliol College, Oxford. From 1906 to 1910 he served as Liberal member in the British House of Commons for South Salford. His literary activities have been varied in the extreme. He has produced humorous books for and about children, novels, essays, books of travel, historical studies, and poems. His "Verses and Sonnets" appeared in 1895. His "Verses," 1910, is a brief collection of poems on varied themes. His "General Sketch of the European War; The First Phase" (1915), and his "General Sketch of the European war; The Second Phase" (1916), have been widely read.

BINYON, LAURENCE

Laurence Binyon was born at Lancaster in 1869. He is a cousin of Stephen Phillips. He was educated at St. Paul's School and at Trinity College, Oxford. He has been on the Staff of the British Museum since 1895. His first book of poems, "Lyric Poems," appeared in 1894. His "Odes" (1901) revealed high poetic gifts. His later volumes, "England and Other Poems" (1909), "The Cause" (1917), "The New World" (1918), have added steadily to his fame. "The Four Years" (1919) contains his war poems collected and augmented. "For the Fallen" has been one of the most frequently quoted of the poems written during the Great War. Laurence Binyon is one of the few contemporary poets who have been persistently loyal to the main traditions of earlier English poetry.

BOTTOMLEY, GORDON

Gordon Bottomley was born at Keighley, Yorkshire, in 1874. He was educated at Keighley Grammar School.

At the age of twenty he went to live on the west coast of England, between Windermere and Morecombe, first at Cartmel, and then at Silverdale. His first book of verse appeared in 1896. Three other volumes appeared at short intervals. His "Chambers of Imagery—I," was published in 1907, and "Chambers of Imagery—II," in 1912. He is mainly a dramatic poet. His lyrics, however, contain passages of striking beauty. In all four of the "Georgian Poetry" books Mr. Bottomley has a place. Indeed, his "King Lear's Wife," his supreme dramatic achievement, is the main feature of the second volume, 1913-1915.

BRIDGES, ROBERT

Robert Bridges, M.A., D.Litt., Oxford, LL.D., St. Andrews; Poet-Laureate since 1913 (following Alfred Austin). Born, 1844. Educated at Eton and Corpus Christi College, Oxford. After travelling extensively, he studied medicine and practised in various hospitals till 1882. His poetry was slow in making its way beyond a small circle of admirers. He maintains that English prosody depends on the number of stresses in the line, not on the number of syllables, and that poetry should keep more closely to the form of natural speech than has been customary heretofore. His chief publications are: "Poems," 1873; "Poems," 1879; "New Poems," 1885: Eight Plays, 1885-1894; "Shorter Poems," 1890; Collected Poems in six volumes, 1898; "Demeter," 1905; "Poetical Works," 1912; October and Other Poems," 1920. From the last volume are taken the two selections in this anthology.

BROOKE, RUPERT

Rupert Brooke was born in 1887 at Rugby, where his father was a master in the famous school. His personal charms made a lasting impression on all who knew him. After a course at Rugby he went to King's College, Cambridge, where he took his degree. In 1911 appeared his first poems, intellectual and somewhat cynical. In 1913 he travelled widely. When the Great War broke out, he at once secured a commission in the Royal Naval Division and was sent to Antwerp. In 1915, while on his way to the Dardanelles, he took ill and died at Scyros. His collected poems were published in 1918. Brooke's war sonnets are the high-water mark of his genius, for, as

has been said by an admirer, "they contain the accents of immortality." On these war sonnets and on his remarkably charming personality his reputation is securely based.

CHALMERS, PATRICK

Patrick Chalmers was born in 1872. He was educated at Rugby. He is managing director of a private banking firm. Although a frequent contributor to "Punch," he did not publish a volume till 1912, when his "Green Days and Blue Days" appeared. That was followed in 1914 by "A Peck o' Maut."

CHESTERTON, GILBERT KEITH

Gilbert Keith Chesterton was born at Campden Hill, Kensington, 1874. He was educated at St. Paul's School and at the Slade School of Art. He is a brilliant journalist, novelist, essayist, and poet. His publications cover a very wide range of subjects. A few of his prose books are: "The Napoleon of Notting Hill," "Tremendous Trifles," "A Short History of England" (1917), "Studies of Browning, Dickens, and Shaw." His poetical works include, "The Ballad of the White Horse" (1911), "Poems," 1915, "Wine, Water, and Song," 1915. His pungent and humorous prose has made his reputation, but much of his verse will survive his combative and paradoxical prose. His lecture tour in Canada in 1921 widened the circle of his admirers.

CROSLAND, T. W. H.

T. W. H. Crosland was born in 1868. He was educated privately. He has long been a contributor to many periodicals. He was editor of the English Review in 1905, and assistant editor of The Academy, 1908-11. He has published more than twenty books, both prose and verse. "Post Proelium" in this anthology is the title poem of his volume of poetry issued in 1916. Some of his earlier volumes of verse are: "The Pink Book" (1894), "Other People's Wings" (1899), "The Finer Spirit and Other Poems" (1900), "Outlook Odes" (1902), "Red Rose" (1905), "Sonnets" (1912), "A Chant of Affection" (1915).

DAVIES, WILLIAM HENRY

William Henry Davies was born in 1870 at Newport in Monmouthshire. He spent some years as a wanderer

in America, losing one foot in an accident in Canada. During his tramp days, which lasted six years, he made eight or nine trips across the Atlantic in cattle-ships. For some time afterwards he led a penurious life in London lodging-houses and as a pedlar in the country. At the age of thirty-four the muse of poetry took him in hand, and in 1906 he published a volume of verse, "The Soul's Destroyer," which attracted wide notice by its fresh and original style. Eight volumes have followed in rapid succession. "Forty New Poems," in 1918, clearly indicated that he had not by any means exhausted the themes suited to his unique talents. Those who desire to know more of Mr. Davies' strange career should read his "Autobiography of a Super-Tramp" (1906).

DE LA MARE, WALTER

Walter de la Mare was born in 1873. Not till his thirtieth year did he venture into print, and then he shyly adopted the anagrammatic pseudonym Walter Ramal. This first book, "Songs of Childhood," was a promise which has been richly fulfilled. His "Poems" of 1906 established his reputation. "The Listeners and Other Poems" (1912) revealed all the moods of his strange genius. "Peacock Pie" (1913) by good luck appeared before the desolating sadness of the Great War silenced for five years his haunting music. When his "Motley" was published in 1919 his readers at once noticed that a certain sad wistfulness had crept into his gay whimsicalities. Mr. de la Mare has been called "the poet of the unconscious, who deals with that unreal world which lies just behind apparently real events." All his poetry is marvellously musical, even children being enchanted by the haunting strains. The effect of reading aloud to children some of Mr. de la Mare's magical lines may be tried with success if "Off the Ground" in "Peacock Pie" is used by way of experiment:

Three jolly farmers
Once bet a pound
Each dance the others would
Off the ground,
etc., etc.,

DOYLE, ARTHUR CONAN

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was born at Edinburgh in 1859. He was educated at Stonyhurst College and at

Edinburgh University. Took the degree of M.D. at Edinburgh in 1885. Practised as doctor at Southsea, 1882-1890. "A Study in Scarlet" appeared in 1887; "Micah Clarke," in 1888; "The White Company," in 1891. He attained to great popularity in 1891 by his "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes." His later books include numerous novels, plays and war histories. His one volume of verse, "The Guards Came Through and Other Poems," was published in 1920.

DRINKWATER, JOHN

John Drinkwater was born in 1882. He was educated at Oxford High School. He spent almost a dozen years in the employment of various assurance offices. His connection with the management of the Birmingham Repertory Theatre changed the course of his career and led to his becoming a famous dramatist and playwright. He has visited the United States on several occasions and he has lectured in some of the cities of Canada. His first book of verse was published at the age of twenty-one. Some of his subsequent publications are: "Poems, 1908-1914"; "Cophetua, One-Act Play in Verse," 1911; "Rebellion—A Three-Act Play in Verse," 1914; "Pawns, Three One-Act Plays in Verse," 1917; "Swinburne, A Study," 1913; "The Lyric, An Essay," 1915. Of late years his main attention has been given to lecturing and to the writing and production of his dramas. In the first production of his "Abraham Lincoln" he himself assumed one of the most difficult roles. This play, appearing first in England in 1918, has met with unbounded success in the United States. On the lecture platform, in expounding the theories of his art and in reading his own lines, he is eminently successful. His magnetic personality, his commanding figure, his magnificent voice, and his powers of sympathetic interpretation, sway his audiences at his pleasure.

DEARMER, GEOFFREY

Geoffrey Dearmer was born in 1893 at South Lambeth in London. His father is the well-known author of many religious works, Rev. Dr. Percy Dearmer. His mother, who died in Serbia in 1915, was an artist, novelist, and playwright. Geoffrey Dearmer was educated at Westminster School and at Christ Church, Oxford. He served six years in the British Army as Lieutenant and Captain, 1914-1921. Besides contributing to numerous periodicals,

he has to his credit a volume of excellent verse (1918), from which are taken the two poems quoted in this anthology.

FLECKER, JAMES ELROY

James Elroy Flecker was born in 1884. He was educated at Dean Close School, Cheltenham, of which his father was head master, and at Uppingham, and Trinity College, Oxford. He studied Oriental Languages at Cambridge. In 1910 he joined the Consular Service and went to Constantinople. After three years in the East he was obliged in 1913 to go to Switzerland on account of his frail health. There he died of consumption, January 3rd, 1915. His first volume of verse, "The Bridge of Fire," appeared in 1907. At intervals followed other volumes, including "The Golden Journey to Samarkand" and "The Old Ship." His publishers brought out "Collected Poems" in 1916 and "Selected Poems" in 1918. Mr. Flecker believed the basis of all good verse to be *craftsmanship*. Every poem he chiselled and polished to the last minute detail. His passion for technical perfection was remarkable in the very years when many young English poets were trying to break away from conventions or were chafing under traditional restraints.

FREEMAN, JOHN

John Freeman was born in 1885. His first poems appeared in early youth, but not until his "Stone Trees" was published in 1916 did he take an assured place among the Georgian poets. His "Memories of Childhood," 1918, and his "Poems New and Old," 1920, added much to his growing reputation. His talent is chiefly descriptive. The most striking characteristic of his poetry is "a continual discovery of new beauty in old and well-known objects." He loves every aspect and mood of nature. His philosophy of poetry is well expressed in his own invocation to the spirit of Imagination:

"Be it thine, O Spirit,
The world of sense and thought to exalt with light;
Purge away blindness,
Terror and all unkindness."

Nothing crude or coarse or unlovely mars the serene beauty of John Freeman's work.

GIBSON, WILFRID WILSON

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson was born at Hexham in 1878. He has published nearly a score of volumes, if his numerous small volumes are included in the count. The long procession begins with "The Nets of Love" in 1900. In 1907 "The Stonefolds" indicated clearly that a new poetical star had arisen. "Fires" in 1912 marked a secure advance in form and power. During the period of the War appeared "Battle" (1915), "Friends" (1916), "Livelihood" (1917), "Whin" (1918). Several of his war lyrics will live long, such as the touching "Lament":

"We who are left, how shall we look again
Happily on the sun, or feel the rain—"

GOSSE, EDMUND

Edmund Gosse was born in London, 1849. He was educated privately in Devonshire. In 1867 he became assistant librarian at the British Museum and was soon appointed Translator to the Board of Trade. From 1904 to 1914 he was Librarian to the House of Lords. He is a very eminent linguist and critic, and has received both at home and abroad many decorations and distinctions, too numerous to be recorded here. His first volume of verse, "On Viol and Flute," was published so long ago as 1873. A collected edition of his poems (1911) contains in its Preface his statement that he belongs in essence to a period that has ceased to exist. However that may be, Mr. Gosse's place in English literature is illustrious and secure beyond peradventure. This is not the place to discourse on the brilliant work of Mr. Gosse in biography and literary history. As the theme plainly indicates, "To Our Dead," which represents in this anthology the recent work of the poet, was written during the Great War.

GOULD, GERALD

Gerald Gould was born at Scarborough in 1885. He was educated at Braemdale School, Norwich, University College, London, and Magdalen College, Oxford. He was Fellow at Merton College, 1909-1916. His first three volumes, "Lyrics" (1906), "Poems" (1911), "My Lady's Book" (1913), contain charming lyrics of the old tradition. "Monogamy" (1918) is a series of dramatic lyrics of a more subtle subjectiveness. "The Happy Tree and Other Poems" (1919) reveals in every poem the individual

characteristics of the author. Mr. Gould has long been a well-known journalist and essayist as well as a popular poet.

GRAVES, ROBERT

Robert Graves was born in 1895. He was educated at Charterhouse, and passed directly from school to the trenches in Flanders. He is usually styled a "war-poet," but very little of his verse is a product of the War. Nearly all he has written is light and whimsical. To his credit now stand three interesting volumes: "Over the Brazier" (1915), "Fairies and Fusiliers" (1917), "Country Sentiment" (1920). His many friends have great faith in his literary future.

GRENFELL, JULIAN H. F.

Captain the Hon. Julian Grenfell, D.S.O., was the eldest son of Lord Desborough. He won great distinction in the first year of the Great War. He was wounded in the trenches in front of Ypres on May 13th, 1915, and died in hospital within a fortnight. While at Oxford he had made many friends and his death brought forth a chorus of elegies from his poetic contemporaries, of which the beautiful lines written by Hon. Maurice Baring and quoted in this anthology are perhaps the finest. Julian Grenfell was a famous athlete, an excellent rider, and a boxer of renown. He wrote very little verse, but the poem, "Into Battle," which he composed in Flanders during the month preceding his death, is sure of immortality. So sane a critic as Sir Walter Raleigh, professor of English literature at Oxford, in a recent letter to Lord Desborough, concluded his warm encomium by the statement: "It is safe forever; I know it by heart, and I never learned it."

HARDY, THOMAS

Thomas Hardy, born in Dorsetshire, 1840, needs no record here. One of the most famous of British novelists, at the age of 58 he challenged attention as a poet in his "Wessex Poems" (written 1865 onwards). His great epic-drama of the Napoleonic wars, "The Dynasts," appeared in three parts: Part I, 1903; Part II, 1906; Part III, 1908. His later publications are, "Time's Laughing-stocks and Other Verses" (1909), "Selected Poems" (1916), "Collected Poems" (1919). Although "The Dy-

nasts," as is declared in the author's preface, is "a play intended simply for mental performance, and not for the stage," it has nevertheless been staged at Oxford and elsewhere with wonderful effectiveness.

HARVEY, F. W.

F. W. Harvey was born at Minsterworth, near Bristol. Before the War he divided his time between the study of the law and the writing of poetry. His volume, "A Gloucestershire Lad," was written mainly before 1914. His "Gloucestershire Friends" he sent to London from one of his German prison camps in 1917. After his release he wrote his "Comrades in Captivity." As a soldier, he was promoted from the ranks for personal bravery. In the various prison camps where he was detained, nothing could depress his spirits. He would read or lecture or recite to his comrades, always using his great talents for the common good. His poem "The Bugler" has been singled out by many as one of the great poems of the War.

HEWLETT, MAURICE

Maurice Henry Hewlett was born in 1861. He was called to the bar in 1891. In 1898 he won an immediate and world-wide reputation by his "Forest Lovers," a romance of mediæval England. His historical novels, "Richard Yea-and-Nay" (1900) and "The Queen's Quair" (1904), give vivid portraits of Richard Cœur de Lion and Mary, Queen of Scots, respectively. His first book of poems, "A Masque of Dead Florentines," appeared in 1895. Ten other volumes of verse followed at intervals during the period when his prose was attracting the greater interest. "Flowers in the Grass" (1920) contains the two beautiful poems selected for this anthology.

HODGSON, RALPH

Ralph Hodgson was born about 1879 in Northumberland. His first volume, "The Last Blackbird and Other Lines," appeared in 1907. "Eve and Other Poems" (1913) firmly established Mr. Hodgson's reputation. "The Song of Honour" and "The Bull" came out in 1914. A Collected Edition of his poems was published in 1917. While entirely modern in spirit and language Mr. Hodgson still clings largely to the old forms of verse. His exquisite music and style and his fresh, rich imagery mark him out as unique among the poets of this generation. A dis-

tinguished English critic says of him: "Here is a man who talks only a language of his own, and with such native purity does he use this tongue he knows so well that he never utters a word of it in a wrong sense, nor fails to make himself clearly understood."

HOUSMAN, LAURENCE

Laurence Housman was born in 1867. He was educated at Bromsgrove in Worcestershire. He is a younger brother of Alfred Edward Housman (born 1859), professor of Latin, University College, London, the author of "A Shropshire Lad," a collection of exquisite lyrics (1896). He is a brother also of Miss Clemence Housman, the artist. Laurence Housman studied at South Kensington and first made his reputation as a book-illustrator. His volumes of verse include: "Green Arras" (1896); "Bethlehem," a Nativity Play (1902); "Mendicant Rhymes" (1906); "Selected Poems" (1908); "The Heart of Peace" (1918). Besides his books of verse he has written several popular novels. In 1900 he published anonymously "An Englishman's Love Letters," which had for a time a wide vogue.

HUEFFER, FORD MADOX

Ford Madox Hueffer was born in 1873. He is best known as a novelist and a critic. Some of his volumes of verse are: "Poems for Pictures" (1900), "The Face of the Night" (1904), "Songs from London" (1910), "On Heaven and Other Poems" (1918). Mr. Hueffer has been termed "an experimental poet," for the form and the manner of his verse have been constantly and of set purpose changing, if not developing. In that most remarkable preface of modern times which introduces his collected poems (1916) he boldly declares: "I have kept before me one unflinching aim—to register my own times in terms of my own times." Mr. Hueffer, as one might expect after reading his declaration of independence, is a prominent apostle of *vers libre*. Fortunately, however, he is often superior to his own philosophy.

KIPLING, RUDYARD

Rudyard Kipling was born at Bombay, India, in 1865. He was educated in England. Returning to India in 1880, he was connected with the Indian press till 1890. His success in writing tales and ballads brought him back to

England after ten years. Many of Mr. Kipling's prose works have become classics and need no record here. His principal volumes of verse are: "Departmental Ditties" (1886); "Barrack Room Ballads" (1892); "The Seven Seas" (1896); "The Five Nations" (1903); "The Years Between" (1919); "Poems, Inclusive Edition" (1919). A strong imperialistic sentiment gives the key-note of much of his poetry. His sustained imperialism was at times resented and even satirized by some of his countrymen, till the Great War opened the eyes of all and the true value of Mr. Kipling's vigorous imperialistic poetry was almost universally acknowledged. He among the poets, as Lord Roberts among soldiers, performed in the years preceding 1914 a great national service by endeavouring constantly, in the face of active opposition and a more perilous passivity, to keep alive a martial spirit and tone among a pacific people.

LE GALLIENNE, RICHARD

Richard Le Gallienne was born in Liverpool, 1866. He was educated in Liverpool College. After working for seven years as a chartered accountant, he abandoned business for literature and settled in London. Since 1905 he has lived in the United States. His "English Poems" appeared in 1892. Three of his later volumes must be mentioned: "Robert Louis Stevenson and Other Poems" (1895); "New Poems" (1909); "The Lonely Dancer" (1913). His prose works are numerous and varied, the best known being "The Quest of the Golden Girl" (1896).

LETTIS, WINIFRED M.

Winifred M. Lettis was born in Ireland in 1887. Her "Songs from Leinster" (1913) is her most famous book. "Hallow E'en" appeared in 1916. She has also written three novels and numerous books for children. During the Great War she served as a nurse in various base hospitals. Her poem, "The Spires of Oxford," will, it is safe to say, be found in every anthology of the next hundred years.

LYON, P. H. B.

Captain P. H. B. Lyon, M.C., is one of the most promising of the younger poets. His attitude towards the Great War has nothing of bitterness in it. He had ever before his eyes the **absolute necessity** of the War and the

absolute necessity of continuing it, with all its horrors and sadness, till a complete victory was secured. To achieve that victory he played a gallant part. His two published volumes are "Songs of Youth and War" (1918) and "France: the Newdigate Prize Poem" (1919).

MACFIE, RONALD CAMPBELL

Ronald Campbell Macfie, M.A., M.B., was educated at Aberdeen University. He has travelled much and has held important medical appointments. He has written numerous books and articles on medicine and hygiene. His principal volumes of verse are: "Granite Dust" (1892), "New Poems" (1904), "The Titanic: Ode (1912), "Valdimar and Other Poems" (1913), "War" (1918), "Odes and Other Poems" (1919).

MASEFIELD, JOHN

John Masefield was born (1878) in Ledbury, Hertfordshire. At an early age he took to the sea and became a wanderer. In 1902 appeared his "Salt Water Ballads" and in 1903, "Ballads." These early poems indicated to discerning readers, by their highly coloured realism, that a strangely distinctive voice had been added to the choir of English poets. In 1911 he became famous in a day by his masterpiece, "The Everlasting Mercy." In rapid succession were published, "The Widow in the Bye-Street" (1912), "Dauber" (1912), "The Daffodil Fields" (1913), "Good Friday and Other Poems" (1916). During the Great War Masefield served with the Red Cross in France. His experiences later in Gallipoli led to his writing the most interesting short history we have of that campaign. "Reynard the Fox" (1919) brought him back to his old style at its best. Then followed "Enslaved and Other Poems" (1920). Mr. Masefield has also written several novels and half a dozen plays. His lasting fame will rest upon his poetry, every volume of which contains passages of startling beauty.

MONRO, HAROLD

Harold Monro was born in Brussels in 1879. He is the publisher of the various anthologies of Georgian Poetry, 1911-12, 1913-15, 1916-17, 1918-19. He founded the Poetry Bookshop in London in 1912, to aid in establishing a closer connection between the poets and the reading public. This Bookshop keeps nothing in stock

but poetry and the drama and books in some way relating thereto. Mr. Monro's quarterly, "Poetry and Drama," now appearing as "The Monthly Chapbook," is the organ of a number of the younger poets. Of Mr. Monro's own poetry the following volumes are the most noteworthy: "Before Dawn" (1912), containing the splendid passage, "Lake Lemán"; "Children of Love" (1917), containing the vivid and striking "Hearthstone"; and "Strange Meetings" (1919).

MOORE, THOMAS STURGE

Thomas Sturge Moore was born at Hastings in 1870. He has in all his poetry preserved the classical tradition of the nineteenth century. Of his sixteen volumes of verse it will suffice to name here, "The Vine Dresser and Other Poems" (1899), "Absolam" (1903), "The Little School" (1905), "A Sicilian Idyll and Judith" (1911), "The Sea is Kind" (1914), "The Powers of the Air" (1921). Mr. Moore has achieved distinction not only as a poet but also as a wood-engraver and designer and as a writer of critical works on art.

NEVINSON, HENRY W.

Henry W. Nevinson is the great war correspondent. He was educated at Shrewsbury School and Christ Church, Oxford. He has travelled widely in all the continents of the Old World, reporting for English dailies in all the wars since 1897. It was he who took the English Address to the President of the first Duma in Russia (1906). During the Great War he served as correspondent in France, in Gallipoli, in Salonika, in Egypt. He has written numerous books during the last twenty-five years. His book of poems, "Lines of Life," appeared in 1920. Mr. Nevinson's name has not appeared hitherto in any poetic anthology, but such gems as "A Shrine" and "Space" would adorn any collection of remarkable verse.

NEWBOLT, HENRY JOHN

Sir Henry John Newbolt is one of the poets of this anthology who needs no introduction to lovers of poetry. His name has long been a household word. He was born at Bilston, Staffordshire, in 1862. He was educated at Clifton College and at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. He was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1887 and he practised till 1899. His literary reputation was made on

the publication of "Admirals All" in 1897. The high level of that volume has been maintained in "The Island Race" (1898), "The Sailing of the Long-ships" (1902), "Songs of the Sea" (1904), "Songs of the Fleet" (1910), "Poems New and Old" (1912), "St. George's Day" (1918). He has written several successful novels. In 1917 appeared his very valuable work, "A New Study of English Poetry."

NICHOLS, ROBERT

Robert Nichols was born in the Isle of Wight in 1893. While still an undergraduate at Trinity College, Oxford, he joined the army and went to France. His first volume, "Invocation," was published (1915) while he was at the front. Incapacitated by shell-shock, he returned to England in 1916. His "Ardours and Endurances" appeared in 1917. He visited the United States and Canada as a lecturer in 1918-19. "Aurelia and Other Poems" (1920) contains an interesting sonnet sequence and four idylls. Mr. Nichols has just left England to make his home in Japan, having been appointed Professor of English Literature in the University of Tokyo. "At the Wars," contained in this anthology, was the only war poem which Mr. Nichols actually wrote at the front. Mr. Nichols' fine attitude towards the Great War is worthy of all praise. When he left for the trenches he wrote, "Happy Now I Go." Amid all the discomforts of a soldier's life he wrote, referring to the scenes and sounds of the English countryside, "And he shall lose their joy for aye if their price he cannot pay." After the War he does not oppress us by bitterness and a vain recital of horrors.

NOYES, ALFRED

Alfred Noyes was born in Staffordshire in 1880. He was educated at Exeter College, Oxford. Some of his many volumes of verse are: "The Loom of Years" (1902), "Poems" (1904), "Forty Singing Seamen" (1907), "Drake" (1906-1908), an epic in twelve books, "The Search Lights" (1914), "A Salute from the Fleet" (1915), "The Elfin Artist" (1920). One of the secrets of Mr. Noyes' remarkable popularity is a certain personal magnetism which he exercises in his vivacious and rhythmical lines, especially when his poems are read by himself. The average man or woman, coming out of the lecture hall after hearing the Poet read, with easy manner and perfect elocution,

his well-known "Highwayman," exclaims: "He is a poet, and one does enjoy poetry after all."

OWEN, WILFRED

Wilfred Owen was born at Oswestry, near Shrewsbury, in 1893. He was educated at Birkenhead Institute, and matriculated at London University in 1910. In 1913 he obtained a private tutorship near Bordeaux, where he remained till 1915. In spite of delicate health, he joined the Artists' Rifles (Officers' Training Corps), and was gazetted to the Manchester Regiment. He served in France from December, 1916, to June, 1917, when he was invalided home. Fourteen months later he returned to the Western Front in command of a company, gained the Military Cross, and, while endeavouring to lead his men across the Sambre Canal, was killed, seven days before the Armistice. His book of poems, published in 1921, contains a remarkable Preface, in which he declares: "This book is not concerned with poetry. The subject of it is War, and the pity of War. The Poetry is in the pity." A curious vagary of technique will be noted in many of his poems. He deliberately substitutes for vowel identity at the end of lines a consonantal identity. In "Strange Meeting," for instance, this device is a striking feature; as, "escaped," "scooped"; "groined," "groaned"; "bestirred," "stared"; "mystery," "mastery."

OXENHAM, JOHN

John Oxenham was educated at Old Trafford School and Victoria University, Manchester. He has travelled extensively in Europe, the United States, and Canada. After some years in business, finding that his verse and prose met with much popular favour, he devoted his whole time to literature. His thirty volumes of fiction and other prose, beginning with "God's Prisoner" (1898) down to the well-known "Lady of the Moor" (1916), afford one means of measuring his great popularity. If we turn to his volumes of verse we are surprised to find that the records of sales must be told not by thousands or by tens of thousands, but by hundreds of thousands. Some of these amazingly popular little books are: "Bees in Amber" (1913), "All's Well" (1915), "The King's Highway" (1916), "The Vision Splendid" (1917), "The Fiery Cross" (1917), "Hearts Courageous" (1918), "All Clear"

(1919). His great hymn, "For the Men at the Front," ran to eight million copies.

PHILLIPS, STEPHEN

Stephen Phillips was born in 1868 at Somertown near Oxford. He was educated at Stratford and Peterborough Grammar Schools. During his first term at Cambridge he joined a well-known theatrical company and for six years played various minor parts. In 1896 his "Christ in Hades" ushered him into sudden fame. His "Poems" (1898) gave him a recognized position among the poets of the day. His play, "Paolo and Francesca" (1900), was produced at St. James' Theatre in 1901. Following the first, came in rapid succession other successful plays: "Herod" (1900), "Ulysses" (1902), "The Sin of David" (1904), "Nero" (1906). His plays were hailed with extravagant praise for a few brief seasons and then pushed aside by a fickle public which demanded some new style. His "Lyrics and Dramas" appeared in 1913; "Panama and Other Poems," in 1915; "Armageddon," in 1915. Soon after the publication of this last volume he died. "A Poet's Prayer," contained in this anthology, exemplifies Mr. Phillips' fine style. It does more than that—many of its haunting lines are epitaphic, as their bearing on the poet's strange career is patent to the discerning reader.

PHILLPOTTS, EDEN

Eden Phillpotts, the son of a British officer, was born in India in 1862. He was educated at Plymouth. Since 1896 he has published a very large number of popular novels, some of which have been dramatised. His chief volumes of verse are: "Wild Fruit" (1911), "The Iscariot" (1912), "Delight" (1916), "Plain Song" (1917), "As The Wind Blows" (1920). While Mr. Phillpotts' place in English literature is mainly that won by his interesting novels, his recent numerous excursions into the poetic field have added materially to his sterling reputation.

QUILLER-COUCH, ARTHUR THOMAS ("Q")

Sir Arthur Thomas Quiller-Couch (pseudonym "Q") was born in Cornwall in 1862. He was educated at Newton Abbot College, at Clifton College, and at Trinity College, Oxford. He is a brilliant novelist, critic, essayist, and poet. Since 1912 he has been Professor of English Literature at Cambridge University. He has edited various

anthologies, including "The Oxford Book of English Verse," "The Oxford Book of Victorian Verse," and "The Oxford Book of Ballads." Of his own verse he has published the following books: "Green Bays" (1893), "Poems and Ballads" (1896), "The Vigil of Venus and Other Poems" (1912). From the last of these volumes is taken the "Coronation Hymn," contained in this anthology.

ROSS, RONALD

Sir Ronald Ross, K.C.B. (1911), K.C.M.G. (1918), was born in 1857. He was educated at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London. He was a member of the Indian Medical Service from 1881 till 1899. It was he who discovered the life-history of malaria parasites in mosquitoes in 1897-98. He was the leader of the expedition which found malaria-bearing mosquitoes in West Africa (1899). He was awarded the Nobel Prize for Medicine in 1902. His experiments in verse began with "Fables" (1907). His "Philosophies" (1910) and "Psychologies" (1919) show the remarkable versatility of this great scientist. The poem "Hesperus" appeared in "Lyra Modulata" (1911).

RUSSELL, GEORGE WILLIAM ("A.E.")

George William Russell was born in the north of Ireland in 1867. When he was ten years old, Dublin became his home. As a young man he belonged to the brilliant literary coterie which included in its numbers W. B. Yeats and Katharine Tynan. His best-known poems belong to the nineteenth century. The selection "Babylon" chosen for this anthology is contained in "The Divine Vision and Other Poems" (1904).

SASSOON, SIEGFRIED

Siegfried Loraine Sassoon was born in 1886. He was educated at Marlborough and Clare College, Cambridge. During the Great War he served in France and in Palestine. He won the Military Cross for gallant action. On the appearance of his first volume, "The Old Huntsman" (1917) he leaped into sudden fame. His war poems, almost without exception, are a vigorous protest against war and the glorification of war. His "Counter-Attack" (1918) is filled with anger, disgust, and revolt, and the form of many of the poems deliberately scorns the usual poetic conventions. In 1919-1920 he visited the United

States and Canada on a lecture tour. His "Picture Show" (1919) and his "War Poems" (1920) are in the same passionate vein as his earlier volumes.

SEAMAN, OWEN

Sir Owen Seaman was born in 1861. He was educated at Shrewsbury School and Clare College, Cambridge. After teaching for some years he was called to the bar at the Inner Temple in 1897. His chief volumes of humorous verse are: "The Battle of the Bays" (1896), "In Cap and Bells" (1899), "Borrowed Plumes" (1902), "A Harvest of Chaff" (1904), "Salvage" (1908). He joined the staff of "Punch" in 1897; became assistant-editor in 1902; became editor in 1906. During the Great War this delightful humorist often ceased to be playful and in serious mood braced the courage of his countrymen by his patriotic strains, or lashed the enemies of England with stinging satire. Many of his serious poems may be found in his later volumes: "War Time" (1915), "Made in England" (1916), "From the Home Front" (1918). Readers of "Punch" need not be told what name is concealed under the thin disguise of the letters, "O.S.", seen week after week in that famous publication.

SIGERSON, DORA

Dora Sigerson Shorter was born in Dublin. In 1896 she married the distinguished writer, Clement K. Shorter. She died in 1918. She has to her credit about a dozen volumes of verse. For a quarter of a century no name was better known in literary circles. From the time of her first book, "Verses" (1894) till that of her last, "Poems and Ballads" (1916), she was always sure of wide appreciation. Her untimely death was keenly lamented in all English-speaking lands.

SMITH, C. FOX

Miss C. Fox Smith was born at Lymm, Cheshire, England. She was educated at home and at Manchester High School. She visited Canada a few years before the Great War, living for a time at Lethbridge, Alberta, and Victoria, British Columbia. All her life she has had one hobby unusual for her sex,—ships and anything relating to ships. She has been a frequent contributor to "Punch" and has published several volumes of nautical poems:

"Songs and Chanties" (1914-1916), "Small Craft" (1917), "Rhymes of the Red Ensign" (1919), "Ships and Folks" (1920). She has also written two novels of life in British Columbia,—*"Singing Sands"* and *"Peregrine in Love."*

NORMAN-SMITH, DOROTHY E.

Dorothy E. Norman-Smith was born in 1893 in Derby, England. She was educated at the Keighley Grammar School, Yorkshire. She has published no books, but has contributed to periodicals striking poems and short stories. The beautiful poem, "Day's End," that appears on the last page of this anthology, would do credit to any of the other sixty-eight poets represented in the volume.

SQUIRE, J. C.

John Collings Squire was born in Plymouth in 1884. He was educated at Blundell's and at St. John's College, Cambridge. In 1913 he became Literary Editor of *The New Statesman*, and in 1917 Editor. In 1917 he founded and became Editor of *The London Mercury*, one of the most ambitious and successful of contemporary literary periodicals. In his "Poems: First Series" (1918) he has included all his earlier poems which he desires to preserve, thus displacing all his poetical volumes issued from 1905 to 1917. "The Birds and Other Poems" appeared in 1919. Mr. Squire does not entirely believe in the well-worn Latin saying, *Poeta nascitur non fit*, for he is ever adjusting and re-adjusting his natural equipment and his acquired devices, and no one is more critical of his own earlier productions than he himself is. Moreover, no living poet has a wider influence on the literary views and tendencies of his age. Besides being a poet of serious mind and lofty aims, he is a most successful parodist. His "Tricks of the Trade" (1917) is a masterpiece of its kind, nimble and gay but fair and kind.

STACPOOLE, HENRY DE VERE

Henry de Vere Stacpoole, the famous writer and publicist, was educated at Malvern College. He studied medicine and practised as a doctor before he was drawn to literature. He has travelled much and has assisted in several deep-sea expeditions. His first successful work was "Fanny Lambert," a social comedy. That was the fore-runner of nearly thirty volumes of fiction and criticism. His principal books of verse are: "Poems and

Ballads" (1910) and "The North Sea and Other Poems" (1915). So popular are many of Mr. Stacpoole's books that translations of them are common in the libraries of several European countries.

STEPHENS, JAMES

James Stephens was born in Dublin in 1882. He first made a great reputation by his novel, "The Crock of Gold" (1912). He has published the following volumes of poetry: "Insurrections" (1910), "The Hill of Vision" (1912), "Songs from the Clay" (1915), "Green Branches" (1916), "Reincarnations" (1918). Mr. Stephens combines in his verse the whimsical, the humorous, and the profound. The profundity of his intention is often masked by a marvellous simplicity of language. His later poetry includes many charming lyrics of Irish character and life.

TRENCH, HERBERT

Frederick Herbert Trench was born in Cork County, Ireland, in 1865. He was educated at Haileybury and Oxford. He has travelled extensively and has engaged in many activities. He was at one time a director of the Haymarket Theatre. He has published five volumes of verse: "Deirdre Wedded" (1900), "New Poems" (1907), "Lyrics and Narrative Poems" (1911), "Ode From Italy in Time of War" (1915), "Collected Poems" (1918). Much of Mr. Trench's work ranks among the best British poetry of our time.

TURNER, W. J.

W. J. Turner was born in 1889. He first called to himself public attention in "Georgian Poetry—1916-1917" by "Romance," "Ecstasy," "Magic," and several other remarkable poems. His volume, "The Hunter and Other Poems," appeared about the same time. In 1918 "The Dark Fire" followed, "Georgian Poetry—1918-1919" containing a half dozen poems of unusual merit from this volume. Mr. Turner's progress in his beloved art has been rapid. Indeed, he has just published (1921) a long new poem on a very old theme, "Paris and Helen," containing many passages of startling beauty.

TYNAN, KATHARINE

Mrs. Katharine Tynan Hinkson, novelist and poet, was born near Dublin in 1861. She was educated at a Convent

in Drogheda. She began to write at the age of seventeen. Her first volume of verse appeared in 1885. She was married in 1893 to Henry A. Hinkson, M.A., author and barrister, of Dublin. Of her numerous volumes of verse the following must be noticed: "Shamrocks" (1887), "Ballads and Lyrics" (1891), "The Wind in the Trees" (1898), "New Poems" (1911), "Late Songs" (1917), "Herb o' Grace" (1918). She is also the author of very many popular novels and of several plays and memoirs.

VERNEDE, R. E.

Robert Ernest Vernède was born in London in 1875. He was of French extraction, his grandfather having come to England and married an English woman in the early part of the 19th century. He was educated at St. Paul's School and at Oxford, where he took a classical exhibition. In 1902 he married and settled down to a quiet country life in Hertfordshire. He occupied his abundant leisure in reading and writing. He published several novels. He travelled extensively, visiting Bengal at one time and Canada on another of his long journeys. He wrote a fascinating book, "The Fair Dominion" (1911), the poem, "To Canada," in this anthology, showing how deeply he had been affected by the scenery of the Dominion and by the friends he had made during his trip. The outbreak of the war changed his whole life. He enlisted as a private in a Public School Battalion, the 19th Royal Fusiliers, early in 1915. He was constantly in the thick of the fighting for fourteen months, save for a short time at the close of 1916 after being wounded. In 1917 he was again at the front, and in April of that year while leading his platoon in an attack he was mortally wounded and died the same day. He was buried in the French cemetery at Lechelle. Almost immediately thereafter appeared his "War Poems and Other Verses."

WATSON, WILLIAM

Sir William Watson was born in Yorkshire, 1858. For forty years he has been an outstanding figure in English poetry. His principal volumes of verse are the following: "The Prince's Quest and Other Poems" (1880), "Wordsworth's Grave" (1890), "Odes and Other Poems" (1894), "The Purple East" (1896), "The Hope of the World and Other Poems" (1897), "New Poems" (1909), "The Muse in Exile" (1913), "The Man Who Saw and Other Poems"

(1917), "The Superhuman Antagonists" (1919). The four poems in this Anthology are from "The Man Who Saw." They exhibit adequately the salient qualities of this poet's genius, and indicate clearly that the fountain of his poetic talents still flows fresh and strong. Mr. Watson was knighted in 1917.

YEATS, WILLIAM BUTLER

William Butler Yeats was born in Dublin in 1865. In very early youth he went with his parents to live in London and was sent to the Godolphin School, Hammer-smith. At fifteen he returned to Dublin to finish his education there. In 1888 he was back in London, where in 1889 he published his first volume of verse, "The Wanderings of Oisín." His "Poems" (1895) gave him an established place as the leader of the new "Celtic revival." His "Plays for an Irish Theatre," Vols. I-II-III, appeared during 1903 and 1904. His collected works in eight volumes, including his prose tales and essays, came out in 1908. In recent years two notable volumes of his verse have been published: "The Green Helmet and Other Poems" (1910), and "The Wild Swans at Coole and Other Poems" (1917). Mr. Yeats is the most distinguished and best known poet that Ireland has yet produced. His beautiful lyric, "The Lake Isle of Innisfree," belongs to the last century, and so is not included in this anthology.

YOUNG, FRANCIS BRETT

Francis Brett Young was born in 1884. He was educated at Epsom College and Birmingham University. He is a popular novelist and a profound critic as well as a graceful writer of verse. His best known prose works are probably "The Crescent Moon" and "Marching on Tanga." His two volumes of poems are "Five Degrees South" (1917) and "Collected Poems" (1919). For this anthology two of Mr. Young's fine sonnets have been chosen.

Later English Poems

Robert Bridges

From "BRITANNIA VICTRIX"

Land, dear land, whose sea-built shore
Nurseth warriors evermore,
Land, whence Freedom far and lone
Round the earth her speech has thrown
Like a planet's luminous zone,—
In thy strength and calm defiance
Hold mankind in love's alliance!

Beauteous art thou, but the foes
Of thy beauty are not those
Who lie tangled and dismay'd;
Fearless one, be yet afraid
Lest thyself thyself condemn
In the wrong that ruin'd them.

God, who chose thee and upraised
'Mong the folk (His name be praised!),
Proved thee then by chastisement
Worthy of His high intent,
Who, because thou could'st endure,
Saved thee free and purged thee pure,
Won thee thus His grace to win,
For thy love forgave thy sin,
For thy truth forgave thy pride,
Queen of seas and countries wide,—
He who led thee still will guide.

Hark! thy sons, those spirits fresh
Dearly housed in dazzling flesh,
Thy full brightening buds of strength,
Ere their day had any length
Crush'd, and fallen in torment sorest,
Hark! the sons whom thou deplorest
Call—I hear one call; he saith:
"Mother, weep not for my death:
'Twas to guard our home from hell,
'Twas to make thy joy I fell
Praising God, and all is well.
What if now thy heart should quail
And in peace our victory fail!
If low greed in guise of right
Should consume thy gather'd might,
And thy power mankind to save
Fall and perish on our grave!
On my grave, whose legend be
*Fought with the brave and joyfully
Died in faith of victory.*
Follow on the way we won!
Thou hast found, not lost thy son."

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Poet Laureate and of Wm. Heinemann.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE SEPTEMBER, 1917

Fool that I was: my heart was sore,
Yea sick for the myriad wounded men,
The maim'd in the war: I had grief for each
one:
And I came in the gay September sun
To the open smile of Trafalgar Square;

Where many a lad with a limb fordone
Loll'd by the lion-guarded column
That holdeth Nelson statued thereon
Upright in the air.

Later
English
Poems

The Parliament towers and the Abbey
towers,

Robert
Bridges

The white Horseguards and grey Whitehall,
He looketh on all,
Past Somerset House and the river's bend
To the pillar'd dome of St. Paul,
That slumbers confessing God's solemn blessing

On England's glory, to keep it ours—
While children true her prowess renew
And throng from the ends of the earth to
defend

Freedom and honour—till Earth shall end.

The gentle unjealous Shakespeare, I trow,
In his country tomb of peaceful fame,
Must feel exiled from life and glow
If he think of this man with his warrior
claim,

Who looketh o'er London as if 'twere his own,
As he standeth in stone, aloft and alone,
Sailing the sky with one arm and one eye.

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Poet Laureate and of Wm. Heinemann.

Thomas Hardy

IN TIME OF "THE BREAKING OF NATIONS"

Only a man harrowing clods
In a slow silent walk,
With an old horse that stumbles and nods
Half asleep as they stalk.

Only thin smoke without flame
From the heaps of couch grass :
Yet this will go onward the same
Though Dynasties pass.

Yonder a maid and her wight
Come whispering by ;
War's annals will fade into night
Ere their story die.

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& Co., Ltd. London, England.

NAPOLEON AFTER WATERLOO

(From *The Dynasts*)

If but a Kremlin cannon-shot had met me
My greatness would have stood : I should have
scored
A vast repute, scarce paralleled in time.

As it did not, the fates had served me best
If in the thick and thunder of to-day,
Like Nelson, Harold, Hector, Cyrus, Saul,
I had been shifted from this jail of flesh,
To wander as a greatedened ghost elsewhere.
—Yes, a good death, to have died on yonder
field;

Later
English
Poems

Thomas
Hardy

But never a ball came passing down my way!
So, as it is, a miss-mark they will dub me;
And yet—I found the crown of France in the
mire,

And with the point of my prevailing sword
I picked it up! But for all this and this
I shall be nothing. . . .

To shoulder Christ from out the topmost
niche

In human fame, as once I fondly felt,
Was not for me. I came too late in time
To assume the prophet or the demi-god,
A part past playing now. My only course
To make good showance to posterity
Was to implant my line upon the throne.
And how shape that, if now extinction nears?
Great men are meteors that consume them-
selves

To light the earth. This is my burnt-out hour.

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& Co., Ltd. London, England.

Edmund Gosse

TO OUR DEAD

The flame of summer droops and fades and
closes,

While autumn thins the embers of the copse,
And evermore the violent life of roses

Grows keener as the roseate foliage drops :
O strong young hearts within whose veins was
leaping

Love like a fount, hate like a dart shot high,
My heart o'er yours, its dolorous vigil keeping,
Is pierced with sorrow, while in joy you die !

Your ashes o'er the flats of France are
scattered,

But hold a fire more hot than flesh of ours ;
The stainless flag that flutters, frayed and
tattered,

Shall wave and wave like spring's immortal
flowers.

You die, but in your death life grows intenser ;
You shall not know the shame of growing
old ;

In endless joy you swing the holy censer,
And blow the trumpet tho' your lips are
cold.

Life was to us a mist of intimations,
Death is a flash that shows us where we trod ;

You, falling nobly for the righteous nations,
Reveal the unknown, the unhopèd-for face
of God.
After long toil your labours shall not perish;
Through grateful generations yet to come
Your ardent gesture, dying, Love shall cherish,
And like a beacon you shall guide us home.

Later
English
Poems

Edmund
Gosse

From "*Collected Poems*" by Edmund Gosse
By permission. London: Wm. Heinemann.

William Watson

OUR MEN

Our men, they are our stronghold,
Our bastioned wall unscaled,
Who, against Hate and Wrong, hold
This Realm that never quailed;
Who bear the noblest burden
Life lays on shoulders broad,
Asking not fame or guerdon,
Asking not gold or laud.

They go where England speeds them;
They laugh and jest at Fate.
They go where England needs them,
And dream not they are great.
And oft, 'mid smoke and smother
By blinding warstorm fanned,
Sons of our mighty Mother,
They fall that she may stand.

Our sailors, save when sleeping
The light sleep of the sea,
Their ancient watch are keeping,
Mother, for thine and thee!
They guard thy maiden daughters
From worse than death or pain;
The men who ward the waters,
The men who man the main.

When navies meet and wrestle,
And their vast arms strike home—
Vessel with monstrous vessel
Matched on the flame-lit foam—
What fleet returns in glory?
What fleet makes haste to fly?
O Sea, that knowest our story,
Thou, thou canst best reply!

Then hail to all who gave us
Their might of arm and soul,
Hot and athirst to save us,
To heal, and keep us whole;
Whether they serve where yonder
Far-burrowing trenches run,
Or where the ocean thunder
Peals with the thundering gun.

By permission of and
arrangement with the Author.

Later
English
Poems

William
Watson

*THE SOUL OF ROUGET DE LISLE

(Verses founded on an early incident of the
War)

Their arms shall conquer—to victory led
By a voice like a trumpet's peal;
For a great Ghost marches at their head—
The Soul of Rouget de Lisle.

He gave them the Song that cannot die
Till the world's heart cease to feel;

*The words and music of *The Marseillaise* are by Rouget de
Lisle.

And they go into battle captain'd by.
The Soul of Rouget de Lisle.

Not for the first time—not for the last—
Does an enemy waver and reel
Before the eternal clarion blast
From the Soul of Rouget de Lisle.

For this is the Song shall break the power
That bids men grovel and kneel—
The Song that was born of a mighty hour
In the Soul of Rouget de Lisle.

And its music fires the booming gun
And edges the gleaming steel,
For the soul of France herself is one
With the Soul of Rouget de Lisle.

By permission of and
arrangement with the Author.

KINDRED

Come Australia, come New Zealand—
Canada, with heart of gold,
Come and help to keep this free land
Free for ever as of old.

Hangs her fortune in the balance,
Mighty is her foe and fierce.
Help to prune his Eagle's talons
Ere its beak her bosom pierce.

Yonder rants the lord of legions,
False of heart as you are true.
You as well, O younger regions,
He has lusted to subdue.

Not alone shall *we* lie cloven
If he scale our iron wall.
With our fate is Yours inwoven,
And as one we stand or fall.

Fain would he ride ruthless o'er us,
Strong in Wrong with hoof abhorred.
Strong in Right is She that bore us—
Make her stronger with your sword.

By permission of and
arrangement with the Author.

Later
English
Poems

William
Watson

THE FIELDS OF THE FUTURE

Though gone the ancient gear of War—
though men

Fight not with axe, and mace, and moon-
like targe—

Still does the ancient war-rage goad them,
when

The bugles sound a charge.

To that primæval passion may we yet

Give ampler range, in fields of vaster
marge!

'Gainst War itself, when *this* war passes, let
Our bugles sound a charge.

By permission of and
arrangement with the Author.

Katharine Tynan

*FOR AN AIRMAN

Having found wings, he tossed, light as a
feather,

Airy as thistledown, 'twixt earth and sky.
Oh, but the dark earth held his soul in tether!
Could he come back who knew what 'twas
to fly?

His gravitation's now for stars and planets:
These draw him, while the earth drops like
a stone.

Strong-winged beyond the flight of gulls or
gannets

He rises, ever rises; he is flown.

When he came back all Spring was in his
vision;

Yet pined he like a wild bird in a net.
His dreams were all of fields and groves
Elysian

Where he flew ever and no bounds were set.

Did someone bring his body down? Then
gaily

He waved to his foe: "Your luck to-day, not
mine":

*The poem "For an Airman" is a rhymed version of an
article on the death of Lord Lucas, which appeared in the
Times.

Shook himself free of bonds that irked him
daily

With the last courtesy, so brave and fine.

He has o'erflown return in the wild rapture.

What rumour of him in the unending space?

Flying so far, so fast, beyond recapture;

The flying ecstasy bright in his face.

By permission of the Author and of the
Publishers, Sidgwick and Jackson, Ltd.

Later
English
Poems

Katharine
Tynan

A PRAYER

(For Those Who Shall Return)

Lord, when they come back again

From the dreadful battlefield

To the common ways of men,

Be Thy mercy, Lord, revealed!

Make them to forget the dread

Fields of dying and the dead!

Let them go unhaunted, Lord,

By the sights that they have seen:

Guard their dreams from shell and sword;

Lead them by the pastures green,

That they wander all night long

In the fields where they were young.

Grant no charnel horrors slip

'Twixt them and their child's soft face.

Breast to breast and lip to lip,

Let the lovers meet, embrace!

Be they innocent of all

Memories that affright, appal.

Later
English
Poems

Katharine
Tynan

Let their ears love music still,
And their eyes rejoice to see
Glory on the sea and hill,
Beauty in the flower and tree.
Drop a veil that none may raise
Over dreadful nights and days.

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W. B. Yeats

THE WILD SWANS AT COOLE

The trees are in their autumn beauty,
The woodland paths are dry,
Under the October twilight the water
Mirrors a still sky;
Upon the brimming water among the stones
Are nine and fifty swans.

The nineteenth Autumn has come upon me
Since I first made my count;
I saw, before I had well finished,
All suddenly mount
And scatter wheeling in great broken rings
Upon their clamorous wings.

I have looked upon those brilliant creatures,
And now my heart is sore.
All's changed since I, hearing at twilight,
The first time on this shore,
The bell-beat of their wings above my head,
Trod with a lighter tread.

Unwearied still, lover by lover,
They paddle in the cold,
Companionable streams or climb the air;
Their hearts have not grown old;
Passion or conquest, wander where they will,
Attend upon them still.

Later
English
Poems

W. B. Yeats

But now they drift on the still water
Mysterious, beautiful;
Among what rushes will they build,
By what lake's edge or pool
Delight men's eyes, when I awake some day
To find they have flown away?

By permission of the Author
and his Literary Agent.

Rudyard Kipling

A SONG IN STORM 1914-18

Be well assured that on our side
The abiding oceans fight,
Though headlong wind and heaping tide
Make us their sport to-night.
By force of weather not of war
In jeopardy we steer:
Then welcome Fate's discourtesy
Whereby it shall appear,
How in all time of our distress,
And our deliverance too,
The game is more than the player of the
game,
And the ship is more than the crew!

Out of the mist into the mirk
The glimmering combers roll.
Almost these mindless waters work
As though they had a soul—
Almost as though they leagued to overwhelm
Our flag beneath their green;
Then welcome Fate's discourtesy
Whereby it shall be seen,
How in all time of our distress,
And our deliverance too,
The game is more than the player of the
game,
And the ship is more than the crew!

Be well assured, though wave and wind
Have mightier blows in store,
That we who keep the watch assigned
Must stand to it the more;
And as our streaming bows rebuke
Each billow's baulked career,
Sing, welcome Fate's discourtesy
Whereby it is made clear,
How in all time of our distress,
And our deliverance too,
The game is more than the player of the
game,
And the ship is more than the crew!

No matter though our decks be swept
And mast and timber crack—
We can make good all loss except
The loss of turning back.
So, 'twixt these Devils and our deep
Let courteous trumpets sound,
To welcome Fate's discourtesy
Whereby it will be found,
How in all time of our distress,
And our deliverance too,
The game is more than the player of the
game,
And the ship is more than the crew!

Be well assured, though in our power
Is nothing left to give
But chance and place to meet the hour,
And leave to strive to live,
Till these dissolve our Order holds,
Our Service binds us here.
Then welcome Fate's discourtesy
Whereby it is made clear,
How in all time of our distress,

As in our triumph too,
The game is more than the player of the
game,
And the ship is more than the crew !

By permission of and by
arrangement with the Author.

Later
English
Poems

Rudyard
Kipling

THE CHILDREN'S SONG

Land of our Birth, we pledge to thee
Our love and toil in the years to be ;
When we are grown and take our place,
As men and women with our race.

Father in Heaven who lovest all,
Oh help Thy children when they call ;
That they may build from age to age,
An undefilèd heritage.

Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
With steadfastness and careful truth ;
That, in our time, Thy Grace may give
The Truth whereby the Nations live.

Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day ;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

Teach us to look in all our ends,
On Thee for judge, and not our friends ;
That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favour of the crowd.

Teach us the Strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak ;

Later
English
Poems

Rudyard
Kipling

That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

Teach us Delight in simple things,
And Mirth that has no bitter springs;
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And Love to all men 'neath the sun!

*Land of our Birth, our faith, our pride,
For whose dear sake our fathers died;
Oh Motherland, we pledge to thee,
Head, heart, and hand through the years to be!*

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arrangement with the Author.

Laurence Binyon

FOR THE FALLEN

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her
children,

England mourns for her dead across the sea.
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her
spirit,

Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill: Death august and
royal

Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres.
There is music in the midst of desolation
And a glory that shines upon our tears.

They went with songs to the battle, they were
young,

Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and
aglow.

They were staunch to the end against odds
uncounted,

They fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall not grow old, as we that are left
grow old:

Age shall not weary them, nor the years
condemn.

At the going down of the sun and in the morn-
ing

We will remember them.

They mingle not with their laughing comrades
again ;

They sit no more at familiar tables of home ;
They have no lot in our labour of the day-
time ;

They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires are and our hopes pro-
found,

Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from
sight,

To the innermost heart of their own land they
are known

As the stars are known to the Night.

As the stars that shall be bright when we are
dust,

Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain ;
As the stars that are starry in the time of our
darkness,

To the end, to the end, they remain.

By permission of the Author and
of *The Times*, London, England.

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch

CORONATION HYMN

Tune—Luther's Chorale
"Ein' feste burg ist unser Gott"

I

Of old our City hath renown,
Of God are her foundations,
Wherein this day a King we crown
Elate among the nations.

Acknowledge, then, thou King—
And you, ye people, sing—
What deeds His arm hath wrought:
Yea, let their tale be taught
To endless generations.

II

So long, so far, Jehovah guides
His people's path attending,
By pastures green and water-sides
Toward His hill ascending;
Whence they beneath the stars
Shall view their ancient wars,
Their perils, far removed.
O might of mercy proved!
O love past comprehending!

III

He was that God, for man which spake
From Sinai forth in thunder;
He was that Love, for man which brake
The dreadful grave asunder!

Later
English
Poems

Sir Arthur
Quiller-
Couch

Lord over every lord,
His consecrating word
An earthly prince awaits;
Lift then your heads, ye gates!
Your King comes riding under.

IV

Be ye lift up, ye deathless doors;
Let wave your banners o'er Him!
Exult, ye streets; be strewn, ye floors,
With palm, with bay, before Him!
With transport fetch Him in,
Ye ransom'd folk from sin—
Your Lord, return'd to bless!
O kneeling king, confess—
O subject men, adore Him!

Reprinted from *The Vigil of Venus*
By permission of the Author
and of Methuen & Co., Ltd.

Ronald Campbell Macfie

IN MEMORY OF A YOUNG AIRMAN

Brown hair, brown brow, brown throat, like
bronze

Sculptured by a Praxiteles,
And hazel eyes, like summer dawns,
Lighting the isles of Southern seas.

He seemed like some great poet's dream
Of some white lovely Grecian god—
Adonis, with young eyes agleam;
Or Herakles, with shoulders broad;

Or Hermes, with his wingéd feet
Flying on messages divine;
Or Ganymede, the stripling sweet,
Pouring the gods their ruby wine;

Or Hyacinthus, ere the wound
Turned him to flowers in Zephir's arms;
Or tall Narcissus, ere he swooned
From love of his own mirrored charms.

Yet, though his beauty and his grace
Were as the dreams of Grecian art,
'Twas England's soul illumed his face,
'Twas England blossomed in his heart.

.

England, his Merrie England, stood
For all things high, and all things free;
For all things wise, and all things good;
For Justice and for Liberty.

So he faced peril with a jest,
And with a smile he paid the price.
England was worthy England's best,
England was worth all sacrifice.

There was such laughter in his breath,
He was so young, and strong, and straight,
His beauty made a mock of death,
His joyance had no place for hate.

He went as warrior of the air,
Above him were the sun and stars,
And rosy clouds, and under there
The trenches' livid weals and scars,

The bloody fangs of barbéd wire,
The muddy craters choked with dead,
The cannon belching smoke and fire,
The crests of battle breaking red.

He saw the glint of steel below,
The thunder of the guns he heard;
But what to him were death and woe!
He only was a boy, a bird—

A boy on high adventure bent,
An eagle soaring to the blue.
Up to the radiant sun he went,
Through the bright fields of air he flew.

He loosed his bolt. The bright death sped
Spinning like an Ithuriel's spear,
Earth spluttered red around the dead,
Yet felt he neither wrath nor fear.

For he was messenger of Fate,
 Merely a boy, a bird, a Doom,
And neither doubt, nor fear, nor hate
 Within his boyish heart had room.

There came a blizzard through the skies,
 A shrieking gust of shrapnel rain ;
A blinding mist came o'er his eyes,
 He felt a sudden throb of pain ;

Then peace. With broken wings he lay
 Upon the ground. But still meseems
The climbing spirit cleaves its way,
 With the white wings of happy dreams.

And still meseems the boundless force,
 The beauty and the love set free
From the gross flesh, will run its course
 Through aeons of Eternity ;—

Unspoilt, unspent, will reach its aim,
 And from the dead will spring perchance
A Europe purged by steel and flame—
 A nobler England, nobler France.

Yea, from his fame as white as snow,
 And from his sacrificial blood,
The lilies of new France will grow,
 The roses of new England bud.

Later
English
Poems

Ronald
Campbell
Macfie

By permission of the Publisher,
John Murray, London.

Dora Sigerson

THE SECRET

I know of a thrush's nest, a pretty nest, a cosy
nest,

I know of a thrush's nest with three fine
eggs of blue;

It is in the perfumed pine, the tasselled pine,
the swaying pine,

It is in the cool dark wood that I have
wandered through.

I know of a speckled trout, a noble trout, a
shining trout,

I know of a splendid trout, the biggest I
have seen;

It is by the lonely mill, the silent mill, the old
spade mill,

It is in the running brook, for I did look
and lean.

I know of a pretty maid, a laughing maid, a
happy maid,

I know of a darling maid, oh, sweet she is
and fair;

She waits in a garden bower, a rosy bower, a
hidden bower,

What the way to this dear maid—is neither
here nor there!

From *The Sad Years*

By permission of Clement K. Shorter.

THE DEFENDERS

Later
English
Poems

Leave me my dreams, and I shall not repine;
Youth's eager hours, love's restless holiday.

Leave me my dreams, a castled garden mine—

Where all unchid my wand'ring feet can
stray.

Dora.
Sigerson

Leave me my dreams, the foe is at my door,
Time's swinging scythe, and disappointed
years.

Leave me my dreams, and they can yet restore
The crumbling walls, where crouch invad-
ing fears.

Leave me my dreams, nor can rude sorrow
break

Into my fortress where content I go.

Leave me my dreams, and who dare combat
make

On Youth's sweet hours, or lay Hope's
castle low?

From *The Sad Years*
By permission of Clement K. Shorter.

Stephen Phillips

A POET'S PRAYER

That I have felt the rushing wind of Thee;
That I have run before thy blast to sea;
That my one moment of transcendent strife
Is more than many years of listless life;
Beautiful Power, I praise Thee; yet I send
A prayer that sudden strength be not the end.
Desert me not when from my flagging sails
Thy breathing dies away, and virtue fails:
When Thou hast spent the glory of that gust,
Remember still the body of this dust.
Not then when I am boundless, without bars,
When I am rapt in hurry to the stars;
When I anticipate an endless bliss,
And feel before my time the final kiss,
Not then I need Thee: for delight is wise,
I err not in the freedom of the skies;
I fear not joy, so joy might ever be,
And rapture finish in felicity.
But when Thy joy is past, comes in the test,
To front the life that lingers after zest:
To live in mere negation of Thy light,
A more than blindness after more than sight.
'Tis not in flesh so swiftly to descend,
And sudden from the spheres with earth to
blend;
And I, from splendour thrown, and dashed
from dream,

Into the flare pursue the former gleam.
 Sustain me in that hour with Thy left hand,
 And aid me, when I cease to soar, to stand;
 Make me Thy athlete even in my bed,
 Thy girded runner though the course be sped;
 Still to refrain that I may more bestow,
 From sternness to a larger sweetness grow.
 I ask not that false calm which many feign,
 And call that peace which is a dearth of pain.
 True calm doth quiver like the calmest star;
 It is that white where all the colours are;
 And for its very vestibule doth own
 The tree of Jesus and the pyre of Joan.*
 Thither I press: but O do Thou meanwhile
 Support me in privations of Thy smile.
 Spaces Thou hast ordained the stars between,
 And silences where melody hath been:
 Teach me those absences of fire to face,
 And Thee no less in silence to embrace,
 Else shall Thy dreadful gift still people Hell,
 And men not measure from what height I fell.

Later
 English
 Poems

Stephen
 Phillips

By permission of the Publisher,
 John Lane, The Bodley Head: London.

*Joan of Arc.

T. W. H. Crosland

POST PRÆLIUM

(Jutland)

I

Lovely, and mightily-thewed
Mother of this great brood,
Lo, the beatitude
Falls on thee like a flood,
And folds thee where thou'rt stood
Fronting the destinies
With comfortable eyes.

II

Now knowest thou the rose
Which to the sweet air blows
In thy fair garden-close,
And thine own lark that throws
Down music as he goes
Vaunting to heaven of thee,
Are not for the enemy.

III

Now knowest thou the maid
Of her young joy unstayed,
And matrons who have said
Most secret prayers, afraid
To tell themselves they prayed—
In thy green land shall dwell
Safe and inviolable.

IV

Woodland and russet farm,
 And hamlet, and the warm
 And goodly towns where swarm
 Thy population, Harm
 Taketh not in her palm;
 And never will they know
 The tread of any foe.

V

For round thee is the sheer
 Might of the mariner
 Whom thou did'st suckle and rear
 And give for the ships. No peer
 Hath he to drive and steer
 And fight till the last bells
 The steely citadels.

VI

Now knowest thou the deeps
 Of a verity thine; nor sleeps
 Nor fails the ward. Who leaps
 For what thy Amireld* keeps,
 Soweth a wind, and reaps
 The whirlwind from thy guns,
 The lightning from thy sons.

VII

Blessèd art thou that sent
 These to be strawne and spent,
 And blessèd they that went,
 Singing with heart's content,
 Unto the sacrament;
 And blessèd they that mourn
 Whoso shall not return.

By permission of the Publisher,
 Martin Secker, London, England.

*Old form of Admiral.

Later
 English
 Poems

T. W. H.
 Crosland

Sir Henry Newbolt

FROM "THE SERVICE"

And now away! away! put off with me
From this dear island to the open sea:
Enter those floating ramparts on the foam
Where exiled seamen guard their long-lost
home:

Enter and ask—except of child or wife—
Ask the whole secret of their ordered life.

Their wisdom has three words, unwrit, untold,
But handed down from heart to heart of old:
The first is this: while ships are ships the aim
Of every man aboard is still the same.

On land there's something men self-interest
call,

Here each must save himself by saving all.
Your danger's mine: who thinks to stand
aside

When the ship's buffeted by wind and tide?
If she goes down, we know that we go too—
Not just the watch on deck, but all the crew.
Mark now what follows—no half-willing work
From minds divided or from hands that shirk,
But that one perfect freedom, that content
Which comes of force for something greater
spent,

And welds us all, from conning tower to keel,
In one great fellowship of tempered steel.

The third is like to these:—there is no peace
 In the sea-life, our warfare does not cease.
 The great emergency in which we strain
 With all our force, our passion and our pain,
 Is no mere transient fight with hostile kings,
 But mortal war against immortal things—
 Danger and Death themselves, whose end shall
 be
 When there is no more wind and no more sea.

Later
 English
 Poems
 ———
 Sir Henry
 Newbolt

What is this sea-born wisdom? Is it not
 Truth that on land we have too long forgot?
 While this great ship the Commonwealth's
 afloat

Are we not seamen all, and in one boat?
 Have we not all one freedom, lost and found
 When to one service body and soul are bound?
 And is not life itself, if seen aright,
 A great emergency, an endless fight
 For all men's native land, and worth the price
 Of all men's service and their sacrifice?

By permission of the Author.
 From *Poems New and Old*: John Murray, London.

THE TOY BAND

A SONG OF THE GREAT RETREAT

Dreary lay the long road, dreary lay the town,
 Lights out and never a glint o' moon:
 Weary lay the stragglers, half a thousand
 down,
 Sad sighed the weary big Dragoon.
 "Oh! if I'd a drum here to make them take the
 road again,

Oh! if I'd a fife to wheedle, Come, boys,
come!
You that mean to fight it out, wake and take
your load again,
Fall in! Fall in! Follow the fife and drum!
"Hey, but here's a toy shop, here's a drum for
me,
Penny whistles too to play the tune!
Half a thousand dead men soon shall hear and
see
We're a band!" said the weary big Dragoon.
"Rubadub! Rubadub! Wake and take the
road again,
Wheedle-deedle-deedle-dee, Come, boys,
come!
You that mean to fight it out, wake and take
your load again,
Fall in! Fall in! Follow the fife and drum!"
Cheerly goes the dark road, cheerly goes the
night,
Cheerly goes the blood to keep the beat:
Half a thousand dead men marching on to
fight
With a little penny drum to lift their feet.
Rubadub! Rubadub! Wake and take the
road again,
Wheedle-deedle-deedle-dee, Come, boys,
come!
You that mean to fight it out, wake and take
your load again,
Fall in! Fall in! Follow the fife and drum!
As long as there's an Englishman to ask a
tale of me,
As long as I can tell the tale aright,

We'll not forget the penny whistle's wheedle-
deedle-dee

And the big Dragoon a-beating down the
night,

Rubadub! Rubadub! Wake and take the
road again,

Wheedle-deedle-deedle-dee, Come, boys,
come!

You that mean to fight it out, wake and take
your load again,

Fall in! Fall in! Follow the fife and drum!

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From *Poems New and Old*:
John Murray, London.

Later
English
Poems

Sir Henry
Newbolt

Richard le Gallienne

CATALOGUE OF LOVELY THINGS

I would make a list against the evil days
Of lovely things to hold in memory:
First, I set down my lady's lovely face,
For earth hath no such lovely thing as she;
And next I add to bear her company,
The great-eyed virgin star that morning
brings;
Then the wild rose upon its little tree—
So runs my catalogue of lovely things.

The enchanted dogwood, with its ivory trays;
The water-lily in its sanctuary
Of reeded pools; and dew-drenched lilac
sprays:
For these, of all fair flowers, the fairest be.
Next write I down the great name of the
sea,
Lonely in greatness as the names of kings;
Then the young moon that hath us all in
fee—
So runs my catalogue of lovely things.

Imperial sunsets that in crimson blaze
Along the hills, and, fairer still to me,
The fireflies dancing in a netted maze
Woven of twilight and tranquillity;
Shakespeare and Virgil—their high poesy,

And a great ship splendid with snowy wings,
Voyaging on into Eternity—
So runs my catalogue of lovely things.

Later
English
Poems

Envoi

Prince, not the gold bars of thy treasury,
Not all thy jewelled sceptres, crowns, and
rings,
Are worth the honeycomb of the wild bee—
So runs my catalogue of lovely things. . .

Richard le
Gallienne

By permission of the Author and of the
Publishers, Harper & Bros. New York.

DÉSIDERIUM

Alway' it was the same—alway' the same:
I called—she heeded not; my heart ached
on.

Then to my side, without a word, she came,
Sat with me, and, without a word, was
gone.

All my poor supplication was in vain,
And my life stopped, until she came again.

Once, a whole summer day, beneath the trees,
I drank her beauty with my famished eyes,
My head at peace upon her quiet knees;

The rustle of her gown was Paradise:
An altar stands forever in the place
Where once all day I looked into her face.

And then a year went by: nor sight, nor word,
Had I to live on whose whole life was she,
Till, like the sudden singing of a bird,
Once more she came and stood and smiled
on me.

And took a little pity on my drouth,
Lifting to me the mercy of her mouth.

One night she came—the stars were in her
hair;

She took my head and kissed it into rest,
And then the moon rose, white and unaware,
The moon—or did I dream it was her
breast?

I think no moon that ever walked the night,
Nor any lily, was ever half so white.

Then came a hush of days like none before,
A distance echoing and full of dread,
That seemed to tell me she would come no
more,

A frozen whisper saying she was dead;
Yet I whose life she is, and so well knew
Her silent ways would not believe it true—

Nor will I yet—for ever was it so:

Silent and far so long would she remain,
Then, like a spirit, softly come and go—

So, on a sudden, shall she come again,
Step, silver-footed, out of the still air,
Finger on lip, for me to follow her.

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Publishers, Harper & Bros. New York.

Maurice Hewlett

MIST MIRAGE

Summer days, the golden downs
Change as sunlight breaks or frowns ;
Dreaming in the night, they lie
Naked to the cold moon's eye.
Winter's grass is starven white,
Stiffen'd by the sheep's close bite ;
And the wrinkl'd darks declare
The faltering footfalls of the hare.
Dewy are the coombes and green
Where the rabbits bunch and preen :
Softfoot there you walk, and tread
On the vanisht ocean's bed.
But when the soft, wet south-east wind
Drives the mist that shrouds them blind,
Then do the antic hills retake
The semblance of their pristine make.
Then they rise in cliff and wall,
Then you may hear the sea-birds call,
Hear far below waves break and crash,
And spending waters run awash ;
Hear the shingles, when the wave
Sucks them backwards, harshly rave :
Where you walkt on loamy sward
The hungry sea is overlord.

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From *Flowers in the Grass*.
Constable & Co. Ltd. London.

THE SPIRE

Where'er you walk about the shire,
If you may trust our people,
You'll not escape the arrowy spire
That beacons Sarum steeple.

Homing the way from Andover
She smites you thro' the haze;
You round a bluff, and she's so fair
It fills the heart with praise—

To see her stiff as Aaron's rod,
Dark in the purple gloom,
Lifting on high a swelling bud
Not broken into bloom.

She stares against a thundercloud
As ghastly as a finger
That singles you amidst a crowd
And will not let you linger;

Or grows up in an open down
Like a tall poplar tree:
You look to see her bent and thrown
As the wind flings his gree.

And far away I've seen her ghost
Across the hazy acres
A legionary of the host
Whose poets were their makers.

But best of all, from Harnham meads,
I see the homes of men
Beneath her shadow hide their heads
Like chicks below a hen.

She spreads her wings and calls them there
Safely beneath her height;

They cluster, while in upper air
The great winds scream and fight.
Brave building there by men of old,
Exulting and tremendous,
In summer heat or winter cold
To 'monish or befriend us!

Later
English
Poems

Maurice
Hewlett

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From *Flowers in the Grass*
Constable & Co. Ltd. London.

Sir Owen Seaman

PRO PATRIA

England, in this great fight to which you go
Because, where Honour calls you, go you
must,

Be glad, whatever comes, at least to know
You have your quarrel just.

Peace was your care; before the nations' bar
Her cause you pleaded and her ends you
sought;

But not for her sake, being what you are,
Could you be bribed or bought.

Others may spurn the pledge of land to land,
May with the brute sword stain a gallant
past;

But by the seal to which *you* set your hand,
Thank God, you still stand fast!

Forth, then, to front that peril of the deep
With smiling lips and in your eyes the
light,

Steadfast and confident, of those who keep
Their storied scutcheon bright.

And we, whose burden is to watch and wait—
High-hearted ever, strong in faith and
prayer,

We ask what offering we may consecrate,
What humble service share.

To steel our souls against the lust of ease;
To find our welfare in the general good;
To hold together, merging all degrees
In one wide brotherhood;—

Later
English
Poems

Sir Owen
Seaman

To teach that he who saves himself is lost;
To bear in silence though our hearts may
bleed;

To spend ourselves, and never count the cost,
For others' greater need;—

To go our quiet ways, subdued and sane;
To hush all vulgar clamour of the street;
With level calm to face alike the strain
Of triumph or defeat;—

This be our part, for so we serve you best,
So best confirm their prowess and their
pride,

Your warrior sons, to whom in this high test
Our fortunes we confide.

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Author and of *London Punch*.

IN MEMORY OF THE DEAD

(*Thanksgiving Day, July 6th, 1919.*)

On this memorial day of Peace fulfilled,
When to the God of battles praise is said
For warfare done and the long clamour stilled,
Forget not then the dead.

It was for such a day as this they died.
The prayer in which they spent their failing
breath

Asked for this hour—for England's faith and
pride
Made perfect by their death.

And now beneath the dust of shattered walls,
Far off in alien fields forlorn and bare,
There where they sleep the muted echo falls
Of joy they may not share.

But, could its rumour sound within their ears,
This joy of victory won at what a cost,
They would not have it less, nor touched with
tears
For all that we have lost.

Yet will we keep, who cannot else repay
The dearest gift that Love has power to
give,
For them the first place in our thoughts to-
day—
Our dead, through whom we live.

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Author and of London *Punch*.

GRACE

From Women I have never married.

People who understand the gist
Of Browning's views on married life
Assert that, in his special list
Of requisites for man and wife,
He notes that each should have a different
bent
And be the other party's complement.

True that, in practice, Mrs. B.
(I will not say which had it worse)
Shared in a very marked degree
Her Robert's fatal gift of verse;
But still his published theory of Love
Lays down the principle I cite above.

Later
English
Poems
—
Sir Owen
Seaman

Taking this golden rule for guide,
I, of the somewhat flippant vein,
Wanted a weighty sort of bride
To ballast my so buoyant brain;
I felt that she, the woman I should wed,
Must be supremely serious in the head.

And such was Grace. The heart divines
These natures by a second sight;
And certain rather pointed lines,
Writ in her album, proved me right:
*"Be good, sweet maid, and let who can be
clever"—*

And this, I saw, was her precise endeavour.

And yet our loves did not succeed;
For though her weight (I here refer
To moral worth) supplied my need,
I was a touch too light for her;
Against the rules that regulate the love-tale
Our complementary tastes refused to dove-
tail.

She had a trick I could not bear:
She tried (I might have known she would)
To trace, beneath my ribald air,
"Potentialities for good;"
This was to be her future wifely rôle,
Namely, to extricate my lurking soul.

"The world may think you what it will,
But Love," she said, "has keener eyes,
And probes with nice, unerring skill
Beyond the formal crust, or guise;
Under your thinnish coat of comic art
Crouches a grave, austere and noble heart!"

She meant it well. She could not see—
Alas! how seldom women can!—
That Art, a sacred thing to me,
Must needs reflect the inner Man;
That Humour's motley-wear could never
hide
What she attributed to my inside.

Indeed, to take the converse case,
If I had been a serious bard,
Would she, I ask, have had the face
To hint that Love's profound regard
Could penetrate the solemn outer sheath
And find the genuine mountebank beneath?

Enough. She had to speak the word
That loosed my irritating bands;
And though my gallant tongue demurred,
And though I raised protesting hands,
A lofty resignation lit my face
The moment she had dealt her *coup de*
Grace.

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Author and of London Punch.

Hilaire Belloc

THE NIGHT

Most Holy Night, that still dost keep
The keys of all the doors of sleep,
To me when my tired eyelids close
Give thou repose.

And let the far lament of them
That chaunt the dead day's requiem
Make in my ears, who wakeful lie,
Soft lullaby.

Let them that guard the hornèd Moon
By my bedside their memories croon.
So shall I have new dreams and blest
In my brief rest.

Fold thy great wings about my face,
Hide day-dawn from my resting-place,
And cheat me with thy false delight,
Most Holy Night.

By permission of the Author and
of Duckworth & Co., London.

George William Russell
("A. E.")

BABYLON

The blue dusk ran between the streets ; my love
was winged within my mind,
It left to-day and yesterday and thrice a thous-
and years behind.
To-day was past and dead for me, for from to-
day my feet had run
Through thrice a thousand years to walk the
ways of ancient Babylon.
On temple top and palace roof the burnished
gold flung back the rays
Of a red sunset that was dead and lost beyond
a million days.
The tower of heaven turns darker blue, a
starry sparkle now begins ;
The mystery and magnificence, the myriad
beauty and the sins
Come back to me. I walk beneath the shadowy
multitude of towers ;
Within the gloom the fountain jets its pallid
mist in lily flowers.
The waters lull me and the scent of many gar-
dens, and I hear
Familiar voices, and the voice I love is whis-
pering in my ear.

Oh real as in dream all this ; and then a hand	Later English Poems
on mine is laid :	
The wave of phantom time withdraws ; and	George William Russell
that young Babylonian maid,	
One drop of beauty left behind from all the	
flowing of that tide,	
Is looking with the self-same eyes, and here in	
Ireland by my side.	
Oh light our life in Babylon, but Babylon has	
taken wings,	
While we are in the calm and proud proces-	
sion of eternal things.	

By permission of the Author and
the Publishers, Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London.

T. Sturge Moore

DAVID AND GOLIATH

With half his arm in running water
David groped for rounded pebbles;
Kneeling by the brook, he sought there
Till he found five that were good:
O that I had been by then,
When at last he upright stood,
Choicest of the sons of men!
While round his feet in rippling trebles
Water crooned across the pebbles.

He was young and fair to see
In his shepherd's dress:
His spirit and his limbs felt free,
Quit then of their late distress
When he, caged in king Saul's casque and
gaunt war suit,
Had said, "I cannot go in these,
Since their use I have not tested"—would not
do it
Even a king to please.

He left that clear and purling water;
Only one of his five stones
Did he use, yet mighty slaughter
On the Philistines ensued:
O that I had heard the shout,
When that stone had been proved good—

Done its work beyond a doubt!
While ended felled Goliath's groans,
And no need for further stones.

It is always good to be
Where long-sighed-for things
Are done with that felicity
Every hero with him brings,—
When he must be up and doing, steps forth
lightly,
Nor needs fear's casque and mail to don;
Sure, he who acteth simply, bravely, rightly,
Hath trustier armour on.

Later
English
Poems

T. Sturge
Moore

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From *The Little School*:
Grant Richards, Ltd. London.

G. K. Chesterton

MUSIC

Sounding brass and tinkling cymbal,
He that made me sealed my ears,
And the pomp of gorgeous noises,
Waves of triumph, waves of tears,

Thundered empty round and past me,
Shattered, lost for ever more,
Ancient gold of pride and passion,
Wrecked like treasure on a shore.

But I saw her cheek and forehead
Change, as at a spoken word,
And I saw her head uplifted
Like a lily to the Lord.

Nought is lost, but all transmuted,
Ears are sealed, yet eyes have seen;
Saw her smiles (O soul be worthy!),
Saw her tears (O heart be clean!).

By permission of the Author and the
Publishers, Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Ltd. London

Harold Begbie

From "*Ode on the Burial of Edward the
Peacemaker.*"

III

O England, lifting to these changeful skies,
Thy all-bereavèd, almost-summer eyes,
How dear and gracious were to him
Thy meadows golden to the rim
Of willowed rivers and delicious rills,
Thy honeyed hedgerows and thy fleecy hills,
Thy woodlands wafting scents on every breeze,
Thy flowing lawns and immemorial trees,
Thy nestling hamlets, and their sturdy race,
The smile of England bronzing every face;
How dear to him thy pastoral life,
Becalmed from wasteful stress and strife;
The flowers in lattice windows seen,
The valiant sports of field and green,
The proudful kine, the yellowing grain,
The handing lovers in the lane,
The health-blest toil of yard and byre,
The grandfer's hive, the housewife's fire,
The gabled school with chorus sound
Of useful knowledge unprofound,
The village in its Sunday best
Keeping the ancient day of rest,
The children's treat, the old wives' tea,
The harvest cheer and Christmas glee,
The customs handed down and sent

To sanctify sweetheart Content ;
His purest moment and his happiest hours
Were thine. O weave him now a wreath of
thy young flowers.

IV.

Ye cities, laying street to street, and loud
With iron Commerce thundering in the
marts,
Came he not often to the kindly crowd
And smiled a blessing on their million
hearts?
Knew he not well the grappling ways ye seek
To find salvation in your thick distress,
More air, less death, less want, more
happiness,
To colour all the drab of every week?
This was the labour closest to his love,—
To set your brave and myriad poor above
All gray anxiety and spectral fear
When sickness fell and death drew near ;
No house of pain, no bed of suffering,
But knew the earnest pity of the King ;
No wrongs that touched you but did make him
grieve,
No hopes ye clung to but he did believe,
And even in the clash of faction stood
For kindlier justice to the multitude.
He loved your brisk and thronging ways,
Your careless wit and capping phrase,
Your cheerful courage, hardy sense,
Your proud disdain of violence ;
Your women's toil that keeps above
Your heads the roof of rest and love ;
Your roguish children quick to make
The jovial sides of laughter shake ;
Your flaunting shops and noisy show,

Your streets with midnight lamps aglow ;
Your work, your play, your fun, your strife,
Your rough good cheer and bustling life ;
O cities far and wide, to you
His happy human heart beat true,
For you he toiled, for you he cared,
And all your joys and sorrows shared,
Come, then, ye cities, follow in his train,
Mourn for the friendly King who passes not
again.

Later
English
Poems

Harold
Begbie

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BRITONS BEYOND THE SEAS.

"Beyond the Seas, Within the Fold."

God made our bodies of all the dust
That is scattered about the world,
That we might wander in search of home
Wherever the seas are hurled :
But our hearts he hath made of English dust,
And mixed it with none beside,
That we might love with an endless love
The land where our kings abide.

And tho' we weave on a hundred shores,
And spin on a thousand quays,
And tho' we are truant with all the winds,
And gypsy with all the seas,
We are touched to tears as the heart is touched
By the sound of an ancient tune
At the name of the Isle in the Western seas
With the rose on her breast of June.

And it's O for a glimpse of England,
And the buds that her garden yields,
The delicate scent which her hedges wind,
And the shimmering green of her fields,
The roll of her downs and the lull of her
streams,
And the grace of her dew-drenched lawns,
And the calm of her shores where the waters
wash
Rose-tinged with her thousand dawns.

And it's O for a glimpse of London town,
Tho' it be through the fog and the rain,
The loud-thronged streets and the glittering
shops,
The pageant of pomp and pain ;
And it's O for a sight, tho' it be in a dream
Of the Briton's beacon and pride—
The cold gray Abbey which guards our ghosts
On Thames's sacred side.

But, lo, we have buried our fathers here,
And here we have reared our sons,
These are our Britains, and here the word
Of the British people runs ;
Wherefore the while we call you Home,
And dream of your gentle shires,
We are rooted here by the smile of our babes
And the pilgrim dust of our sires.

Out of the grave our fathers reach
Dead hands to hold us here,
And never we open the earth with tears
But the land becomes more dear—
Sweet with memory, brave with love,
And proud with the hope ahead

That our sons shall be stronger, our homes
more fair,
When we go down to the dead.

Later
English
Poems

Loved, you are loved, O England,
And ever that love endures;
But we must have younger visions,
And mightier dreams than yours;
Cleaner Londons and wider fields,
And a statelier bridge to span
The gulf which severs the rich and poor
In the brotherly ranks of Man.

Harold
Begbie

Yet with the bolder vision,
We cleave to you, look to you still,
That you gather our scattered toil and bind
Our strength in a single will;
That you build with us out of the coasts of the
earth,
A realm, a race, and a rede
That shall govern the peace of the world and
serve
The humblest state in her need.

Haply we are but tools in the Hand
Of a Power we do not know,
And not for ourselves we plough the waste,
And not for ourselves we sow;
Yet by the vision that leads us on
To the goal of a single State,
We are blessed that our own great weal is
woofed
With strands of eternal Fate.

Come, let us walk together,
We who must follow one gleam,
Come, let us link our labours,
And tell each other our dream;

Later
English
Poems

Harold
Begbie

Shakespeare's tongue for our counsels
And Nelson's heart for our task—
Shall we not answer as one strong man
To the things that the people ask?

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John Masefield

THE SHIP AND HER MAKERS

The Ore

Before Man's labouring wisdom gave me birth
I had not even seen the light of day ;
Down in the central darkness of the earth,
Crushed by the weight of continents I lay,
Ground by the weight to heat, not knowing
then
The air, the light, the noise, the world of men.

The Trees

We grew on mountains where the glaciers cry,
Infinite sombre armies of us stood
Below the snow-peaks which defy the sky ;
A song like the gods moaning filled our wood ;
We knew no men—our life was to stand
staunch,
Singing our song, against the avalanche.

The Hemp and Flax

We were a million grasses on the hill,
A million herbs which bowed as the wind blew,
Trembling in every fibre, never still ;
Out of the summer earth sweet life we drew.
Little blue-flowered grasses up the glen,
Glad of the sun, what did we know of men ?

The Workers

We tore the iron from the mountain's hold,
By blasting fires we smithied it to steel;
Out of the shapeless stone we learned to mould
The sweeping bow, the rectilinear keel;
We hewed the pine to plank, we split the fir,
We pulled the myriad flax to fashion her.

Out of a million lives our knowledge came,
A million subtle craftsmen forged the means;
Steam was our handmaid and our servant
flame,
Water our strength, all bowed to our machines.
Out of the rock, the tree, the springing herb
We built this wandering beauty so superb.

The Sailors

We, who were born on earth and live by air,
Make this thing pass across the fatal floor,
The speechless sea; alone we commune there
Jesting with death, that ever open door.
Sun, moon and stars are signs by which we
drive
This wind-blown iron like a thing alive.

The Ship

I march across great waters like a queen,
I whom so many wisdoms helped to make;
Over the uncruddled billows of seas green
I blanch the bubbled highway of my wake.
By me my wandering tenants clasp the hands,
And know the thoughts of men in other lands.

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Publishers, The Macmillan Company, New York.

Ford Madox Hueffer

SPRING ON THE WOODLAND PATH

So long a winter, such an Arctic night!
I had forgot that ever spring was bright:
But hark! The blackbird's voice like a clear
flame!

So long a winter, such an age of chill,
Made me forget the silver birch-clad hill.
But see, the newborn sunbeams put to shame
Our long dead winter: bracken fronds like
flame,
Pierce the new morning's saffron-watered
light.

So long, so long the winter in our hearts,
We had forgotten that old grief departs
And had forgotten that our hands could meet.

So long, so long: Remember our last May
When there was sunshine still and every day
New swallows skimmed low down along the
street.

Ay, spring shall come, but shall we ever meet
With the old hearts in this forgotten way?

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Wilfrid Wilson Gibson

THE STONE

“And will you cut a stone for him,
To set above his head?
And will you cut a stone for him—
A stone for him?” she said.

Three days before, a splintered rock
Had struck her lover dead—
Had struck him in the quarry dead,
Where, careless of the warning call,
He loitered, while the shot was fired—
A lively stripling, brave and tall,
And sure of all his heart desired . . .
A flash, a shock,
A rumbling fall . . .
And, broken 'neath the broken rock,
A lifeless heap with face of clay,
And still as any stone he lay,
With eyes that saw the end of all.

I went to break the news to her:
And I could hear my own heart beat
With dread of what my lips might say;
But some poor fool had sped before;
And, flinging wide her father's door,
Had blurted out the news to her,
Had struck her lover dead for her,

Had struck the girl's heart dead in her, Later
Had struck life, lifeless, at a word, English
And dropped it at her feet: Poems

Wilfrid
Wilson
Gibson

And when I came, she stood alone—
A woman, turned to stone:
And though no word at all she said,
I knew that all was known.

Because her heart was dead,
She did not sigh nor moan.
His mother wept:
She could not weep.
Her lover slept:
She could not sleep.
Three days, three nights,
Were one to her,
Who never closed her eyes
From sunset to sunrise,
From dawn to evenfall—
Her tearless, staring eyes,
That, seeing naught, saw all.

The fourth night when I came from
work,
I found her at my door,
“And will you cut a stone for him?”
She said; and spoke no more.
But followed me, as I went in,
And sank upon a chair;
And fixed her grey eyes on my face,
With still, unseeing stare.
And, as she waited patiently,
I could not bear to feel
Those still, grey eyes that followed me,

Those eyes that sucked the breath from
me

And curdled the warm blood in me,
Those eyes that cut me to the bone,
And pierced my marrow like cold steel.

And so I rose, and sought a stone;
And cut it smooth and square;
And, as I worked, she sat and watched,
Beside me, in her chair;
Night after night, by candlelight,
I cut her lover's name;
Night after night, so still and white,
And like a ghost she came;
And sat beside me, in her chair,
And watched with eyes aflame.

She eyed each stroke,
And hardly stirred:
She never spoke
A single word:
And not a sound or murmur broke
The quiet, save the mallet-stroke.

With still eyes ever on my hands,
With eyes that seemed to burn my hands,
My wincing, overwearied hands,
She watched, with bloodless lips apart,
And silent, indrawn breath;
And every stroke my chisel cut,
Death cut still deeper in her heart;
The two of us were chiselling,
Together, I and death.

And when at length the job was done,
And I had laid the mallet by,
As if, at last, her peace were won,
She breathed his name; and, with a sigh,

Passed slowly through the open door ;
And never crossed my threshold more.
Next night I laboured late, alone,
To cut her name upon the stone.

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Later
English
Poems

Wilfrid
Wilson
Gibson

C. Fox Smith

MERCHANTMEN

All honour be to merchantmen,
 And ships of all degree
In warlike dangers manifold
 Who sail and keep the sea,—
In peril of unlitten coast
 And death-besprinkled foam,
Who daily dare a hundred deaths
 To bring their cargoes home.

A liner out of Liverpool—a tanker from the
 Clyde—
A hard-run tramp from anywhere— a tug
 from Merseyside—
A cattle-boat from Birkenhead—a coaler from
 the Tyne—
All honour be to merchantmen while any star
 shall shine!

All honour be to merchantmen,
 And ships both great and small,
The swift and strong to run their race,
 And smite their foes withal;
The little ships that sink or swim,
 And pay the pirates' toll,
Unarmoured save by valiant hearts
 And strong in nought but soul.

All honour be to merchantmen
So long as tides shall run,
Who gave the seas their glorious dead
From rise to set of sun,—
All honour be to merchantmen,
While England's name shall stand,
Who sailed and fought, and dared and died,
And served and saved their land.

A sailing ship from Liverpool—a tanker from
the Clyde—

A schooner from the West countrie—a tug
from Merseyside—

A fishing smack from Grimsby town—a coaler
from the Tyne—

All honour be to merchantmen while sun and
moon do shine!

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"Rhymes of the Red Ensign":
Hodder & Stoughton.

Later
English
Poems

C. Fox
Smith

Henry W. Nevinson

A SHRINE

I too was born a pilgrim, and have sought
From land to land, by holy reverence led,
The relics of mankind's immortal dead
Resting in shrines elaborately wrought
By kings in adoration, and have brought
Unwonted gifts to many a saintly head
Which lay unnoticed in the common bed
Whose counterpane is grass; but now as
nought

I deem such pilgrimages.

Ancient stones
And mouldering sanctitudes! what time for
them

When morning, noon, and eve I kneel apart,
'Turning to one within whose hallowed bones
Beats, warm with life, that miracle of a heart
Which is my Mecca and Jerusalem?

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SPACE

As one who climbs again some mountain side
After long years of sea or prairie plain,
And gazes round upon the horizon wide,
'Till nature reels beneath the joyous pain
Of all that gulf of 'wildering space descried,
So reels my heart at sight of you again.

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Herbert Trench

BATTLE OF THE MARNE

x.

Ah! forests of the Marne,
Forests of Gault, Traonne,
Of what avail is all your stubborn toil,
Of what avail is hers,
Rising resistant through so many years
If now, from coast to coast,
This noble France be lost?
If now this golden France from beach to
beach,
Her women, sisters of the race of Rome,
Her mothers, and that Mother divine, her soil,
Be wrest from us by force,
We have no need for speech.
Harden'd are we by Life: its iron pains,
Its shunless endings, do we know;
But since She—who is all we have,
And so much more—
Since she that bore, that fed us with the
Earth's
Breast-love, before we heard of chains
Or guess'd the pangs of birth,
Save us, hath now no more resource;—
Since she whose shining colour'd plains,
Streams, fresh leaves, fire and dew,
Ran in our eyes and veins
When we ourselves were new

And ran about with flower-like breath
Before we ever knew
There was a thing call'd Death—
Herself is like to die,—
She, the convergence of our rays,
The Eternal smiling on our days,—
To pass from us, to die!—
Silent as you, O Forests of the Marne,
In her defence
Our deaths must be our eloquence.

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ROMNEY MARSHMAN'S LOVE SONG

Out at sunrise on Romney Marsh
We hear the curlew call,
The young lambs crying to the sheep,
Within the old sea-wall;
The bleak tree that the sea-wind strikes
Is bowed across the liliated dykes,
All heaven drifting with the lark,
The lark that sings for all.

You gather mushrooms from the grass,
The newborn mushrooms white,
And stoop about with tender cries
That come of pure delight.
The sheep-lit pastures run for miles
With distant villages for isles,
And Lyme's grey castle on the down
Beholds us from the height.

From that light-impassion'd vast of bliss
That never a shade devours

Falls not upon us both the kiss
Of new-awakening powers?
O'er-vaulting golden cloudlets race
Eastwards, and leave us time and space;
Strange winds and clouds and falls of sheen
Mix'd at this birth of flowers!
We are breakers-in upon some scene
Meant for new eyes like ours.

Shall then the very core of life
Rouse on the harp no string?
Shall they be dumb, those radiances,
That have so fleet a wing?
Shall it awake, the great sunrise,
To perish all unheard,
And the soul's wide flights of melodies
Fail, for a narrow word?

Since we must forth, like gallant ships,
Far from the haven'd land,
Since we must melt like sandy smoke
That blows along the strand,
Since we must bow and part in grief,
Like the rushes or the driven leaf,
O put not on my singing lips
The proud seal of your hand!

Ah, lovely Silence!—Voices parting—
Answering—through light we breathe
In clearness and in glory once,
Are all we can bequeathe.
E'en mad winds joy—all that have breath
Arise, and break to flame;
Hour ineffaceable as death
Shalt thou not have a name?

Exquisite Spirit, in whose eyes
Floats the unseeing ray—

Though utterance scorch between us two
Let my fierce spirit reach to you—
 Be silence torn away!
Now wave meets wave; and dull grief's
 weight
 O'erwhelming time, ascends,
Now the shaken soul's half-agony
 For an instant comprehends,
Now all things travel to a voice—
 We see, as from a shore;
Let the heart speak, while yet we see,
 Lest it have sight no more.

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O DREAMY, GLOOMY, FRIENDLY TREES

O dreamy, gloomy, friendly Trees,
I came along your narrow track
To bring my gifts unto your knees
And gifts did you bring back;
For when I brought this heart that burns—
 These thoughts that bitterly repine—
And laid them here among the ferns
And the hum of boughs divine,
Ye, vastest breathers of the air,
Shook down with slow and mighty poise
Your coolness on the human care,
Your wonder on its toys,
Your greenness on the heart's despair,
Your darkness on its noise.

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John Freeman

HAPPY IS ENGLAND NOW

There is not anything more wonderful
Than a great people moving towards the deep
Of an unguessed and unfeared future; nor
Is aught so dear of all held dear before
As the new passion stirring in their veins
When the destroying Dragon wakes from
sleep.

Happy is England now, as never yet!
And though the sorrows of the slow days fret
Her faithfullest children, grief itself is proud.
Ev'n the warm beauty of this spring and
summer

That turns to bitterness turns then to gladness
Since for this England the beloved ones died.

Happy is England in the brave that die
For wrongs not hers and wrongs so sternly
hers;

Happy in those that give, give, and endure
The pain that never the new years may cure;
Happy in all her dark woods, green fields,
towns,

Her hills and rivers and her chafing sea.

Whate'er was dear before is dearer now.
There's not a bird singing upon his bough
But sings the sweeter in our English ears:

There's not a nobleness of heart, hand, brain
But shines the purer ; happiest is England now
In those that fight and watch with pride and
tears.
1917

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From *Poems New and Old* (1920).
Selwyn and Blount, Ltd., London.

STONE TREES

Last night a sword-light in the sky
Flashed a swift terror on the dark.
In that sharp light the fields did lie
Naked and stone-like ; each tree stood
Like a tranced woman, bound and stark.

Far off the wood
With darkness ridged the riven dark.

And cows astonied stared with fear,
And sheep crept to the knees of cows,
And conies to their burrows slid,
And rooks were still in rigid boughs,
And all things else were still or hid.

From all the wood
Came but the owl's hoot, ghostly, clear.

In that cold trance the earth was held
It seemed an age, or time was nought.
Sure never from that stone-like field
Sprang golden corn, nor from those chill
Grey granite trees was music wrought.

In all the wood
Even the tall poplar hung stone still.

It seemed an age, or time was none
Slowly the earth heaved out of sleep
And shivered, and the trees of stone
Bent and sighed in the gusty wind,
And rain swept as birds flocking sweep.

Later
English
Poems

—
John
Freeman

Far off the wood
Rolled the slow thunders on the wind.

From all the wood came no brave bird,
No song broke through the close-fall'n night,
Nor any sound from cowering herd:
Only a dog's long lonely howl
When from the window poured pale light.

And from the wood
The hoot came ghostly of the owl.

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John Drinkwater

A PRAYER

Lord, not for light in darkness do we pray,
Not that the veil be lifted from our eyes,
Nor that the slow ascension of our day
Be otherwise.

Not for a clearer vision of the things
Whereof the fashioning shall make us great,
Not for remission of the peril and stings
Of time and fate.

Not for a fuller knowledge of the end
Whereto we travel, bruised yet unafraid,
Nor that the little healing that we lend
Shall be repaid.

Not these, O Lord. We would not break the
bars
Thy wisdom sets about us; we shall climb
Unfettered to the secrets of the stars
In Thy good time.

We do not crave the high perception swift
When to refrain were well, and when fulfil,
Nor yet the understanding strong to sift
The good from ill.

Not these, O Lord. For these Thou hast re-
vealed,

We know the golden season when to reap
The heavy-fruited treasure of the field,
The hour to sleep.

Later
English
Poems

Not these. We know the hemlock from the
rose,
The pure from stained, the noble from the base,
The tranquil holy light of truth that glows
On Pity's face.

John
Drinkwater

We know the paths wherein our feet should
press,
Across our hearts are written Thy decrees,
Yet now, O Lord, be merciful to bless
With more than these.

Grant us the will to fashion as we feel,
Grant us the strength to labour as we know,
Grant us the purpose, ribbed and edged with
steel,
To strike the blow.

Knowledge we ask not—knowledge Thou hast
lent,
But, Lord, the will—there lies our bitter need,
Give us to build above the deep intent
The deed, the deed.

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THE MIRACLE

Come, sweetheart, listen, for I have a thing
Most wonderful to tell you—news of spring.

Albeit winter still is in the air,
And the earth troubled, and the branches bare,

Yet down the fields to-day I saw her pass—
The spring—her feet went shining through the
grass.

She touched the ragged hedgerows—I have
seen

Her finger-prints, most delicately green ;

And she has whispered to the crocus leaves,
And to the garrulous sparrows in the eaves.

Swiftly she passed and shyly, and her fair
Young face was hidden in her cloudy hair.

She would not stay, her season is not yet,
But she has reawakened, and has set

The sap of all the world astir, and rent
Once more the shadows of our discontent.

Triumphant news—a miracle I sing—
The everlasting miracle of spring.

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Alfred Noyes

KILMENY

Dark, dark lay the drifters against the red
West

As they shot their long meshes of steel over-
side;

And the oily green waters were rocking to rest
When Kilmeny went out, at the turn of the
tide;

And nobody knew where that lassie would
roam,

For the magic that called her was tapping
unseen,

It was wellnigh a week ere Kilmeny came
home,

And nobody knew where Kilmeny had been.

She'd a gun at her bow that was Newcastle's
best,

And a gun at her stern that was fresh from
the Clyde,

And a secret her skipper had never confessed,

Not even at dawn, to his newly-wed bride;

And a wireless that whispered above, like a
gnome,

The laughter of London, the boasts of
Berlin. . . .

O, it may have been mermaids that lured her
from home;

But nobody knew where Kilmeny had been.

It was dark when Kilmeny came back from her
quest

With her bridge dabbled red where her
skipper had died;

But she moved like a bride with a rose at her
breast,

And *Well done, Kilmeny!* the Admiral cried.
Now, at sixty-four fathom a conger may come
And nose at the bones of a drowned
submarine;

But—late in the evening Kilmeny came home,
And nobody knew where Kilmeny had been.

There's a wandering shadow that stares at the
foam,

Though they sing all the night to old
England, their queen.

Late, late in the evening, Kilmeny came home,
And nobody knew where Kilmeny had been.

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From *The Elfin Artist and Other Poems*
Edinburgh; Wm. Blackwood & Sons

Gordon Bottomley

NEW YEAR'S EVE, 1913

O, Cartmel bells ring soft to-night,
And Cartmel bells ring clear;
But I lie far away to-night,
Listening with my dear;

Listening in a frosty land
Where all the bells are still
And the small-windowed bell-towers stand
Dark under heath and hill.

I thought that, with each dying year,
As long as life should last,
The bells of Cartmel I should hear
Ring out an aged past:

The plunging, mingling sounds increase
Darkness's depth and height,
The hollow valley gains more peace
And ancientness to-night:

The loveliness, the fruitfulness,
The power of life lived there
Return, revive, more closely press
Upon that midnight air.

But many deaths have place in men
Before they come to die;
Joys must be used and spent, and then
Abandoned and passed by.

Earth is not ours ; no cherished space
Can hold us from life's flow,
That bears us thither and thence by ways
We knew not we should go.

O, Cartmel bells ring loud, ring clear,
Through midnight deep and hoar,
A year new-born, and I shall hear
The Cartmel bells no more.

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THE PLOUGHMAN

Under the long fell's stony eaves
The ploughman, going up and down,
Ridge after ridge man's tide-mark leaves,
And turns the hard grey soil to brown.

Striding he measures out the earth
In lines of life, to rain and sun ;
And every year that comes to birth
Sees him still striding on and on.

The seasons change, and then return ;
Yet still, in blind, unsparing ways,
However I may shrink or yearn,
The ploughman measures out my days.

His acre brought forth roots last year ;
This year it bears the gloomy grain ;
Next Spring shall seedling grass appear ;
Then roots and corn and grass again.

Five times the young corn's pallid green
I have seen spread and change and thrill ;

Five times the reapers I have seen
Go creeping up the far-off hill:

And, as the unknowing ploughman climbs
Slowly and inveterately,
I wonder long how many times
The corn will spring again for me.

Later
English
Poems

Gordon
Bottomley

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Walter de la Mare

HAUNTED.

The rabbit in his burrow keeps
No guarded watch, in peace he sleeps;
The wolf that howls into the night
Cowers to her lair at morning light;
The simplest bird entwines a nest
Where she may lean her lovely breast,
Couched in the silence of the bough;
But thou, O man, what rest hast thou?

The deepest solitude can bring
Only a subtler questioning
In thy divided heart; thy bed
Recalls at dawn what midnight said;
Seek how thou wilt to feign content
Thy flaming ardour's quickly spent;
Soon thy last company is gone,
And leaves thee—with thyself—alone.

Pomp and great friends may hem thee round,
A thousand busy tasks be found;
Earth's thronging beauties may beguile
Thy longing lovesick heart awhile;
And pride, like clouds of sunset, spread
A changing glory round thy head;
But fade will all; and thou must come,
Hating thy journey, homeless, home.

Rave how thou wilt ; unmoved, remote,
That inward presence slumbers not,
Frets out each secret from thy breast,
Gives thee no rally, pause, nor rest,
Scans close thy very thoughts, lest they
Should sap his patient power away,
Answers thy wrath with peace, thy cry
With tenderest taciturnity.

Later
English
Poems
—
Walter
de la Mare

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SILVER

Slowly, silently, now the moon
Walks the night in her silver shoon ;
This way, and that, she peers, and sees
Silver fruit upon silver trees ;
One by one the casements catch
Her beams beneath the silvery thatch ;
Couched in his kennel, like a log,
With paws of silver sleeps the dog ;
From their shadowy cote the white breasts
 peep
Of doves in a silver-feathered sleep ;
A harvest mouse goes scampering by,
With silver claws, and silver eye ;
And moveless fish in the water gleam,
By silver reeds in a silver stream.

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Laurence Housman

SEARCH-LIGHTS

Lord, give man eyes to see! 'Twas some
Blind fool, for sure, that said
How lightless London had become
A city of the dead!

A city of the dead! I would
The dead again might rise
To look upon a sight so good
For tired hearts and eyes.

Here, amid miles of street and square,
A curfew without sound
Has rung its knell; and everywhere
Men walk on holy ground.

Along the now ungarish street,
Which once shut out the night,
The lamps stand veiled; about their feet
Lie little pools of light;

And over paving-stone and park,
From life-long vigil loosed,
Trees that had never known the dark
Take darkness home to roost.

And light-shy birds have come to town:
Loud through the night the cry
Of owls is heard, and up and down
The 'bus-routes bat-wings ply.

While overhead, on beams of light,
Like angels to and fro,
Pale messengers in level flight
The leaping search-lights go.

Later
English
Poems

They lift and lower, they shift and glance,
Pause, point, then forward run,
And couch an ever-wheeling lance
Where foeman there is none.

Laurence
Housman

Now since our darkness gives us light
Such lovely things to see,
Here let the tale be told aright
For all posterity :

How through the years, while bloody Mars
Smote mortals for their sins,
London's dim streets were lit with stars
Because of Zeppelins.

So, at our need, let Heaven engage
As kind a part to play,
And show to mortals blind with rage
The stars upon their way.

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THE BANDS OF ORION

Down steps Orion to the west,
High-headed, starry-eyed,
Watchful beneath his warrior-crest,
His sword upon his side.

Amid the unnumbered stars of night
He fills his measured space,

And covers under points of light
The fashion of his face.

He makes no gesture, gives no sign;
Yon form is all we know.
So, belt and scabbard used to shine
Millions of years ago.

Upon his brow endures no frown,
No tumult stirs his breast;
In martial stride he still goes down
With all his stars at rest.

Naught can they tell us by their light
What binds them to his car:
There, at the chariot-pole of night
He stands, a shape of war.

When Earth was young and Night was
old

That harness he put on,
And girt for war, with nails of gold
The belted warrior shone.

Now to the east he sets his heel,
Or now goes westward bound;
And still, like flies upon his wheel,
The stirless stars move round.

Across the regions of the night,
Across the darkened lands,
He travels on in changeless might,
And none may loose his bands.

Onward he goes with planted heel,
The charioteer of Mars;
The Kingdoms broken on his wheel
Are stirless as the stars.

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Maurice Baring

DIFFUGERE NIVES, 1917

TO J. C. S.

The snows have fled, the hail, the lashing rain,
Before the Spring.

The grass is starred with buttercups again,
The blackbirds sing.

Now spreads the month that feast of lovely
things

We loved of old.

Once more the swallow glides with darkling
wings

Against the gold.

Now the brown bees about the peach trees
boom

Upon the walls;

And far away beyond the orchard's bloom
The cuckoo calls.

The season holds a festival of light

For you, for me;

But shadows are abroad, there falls a blight
On each green tree.

And every leaf unfolding, every flower

Brings bitter need;

Beauty of the morning and the evening hour
Quickens our need.

All is reborn, but never any Spring
Can bring back this;
Nor any fullness of midsummer bring
The voice we miss.

The smiling eyes shall smile on us no more;
The laughter clear,
Too far away on the forbidden shore,
We shall not hear.

Bereft of these until the day we die,
We both must dwell;
Alone, alone, and haunted by the cry:
"Hail and farewell!"

Yet when the scythe of Death shall near us
hiss,
Through the cold air,
Then on the shuddering marge of the abyss
They will be there.

They will be there to lift us from sheer space
And empty night;
And we shall turn and see them face to face
In the new light.

So shall we pay the unabated price
Of their release,
And found on our consenting sacrifice
Their lasting peace.

The hopes that fall like leaves before the wind,
The baffling waste,
And every earthly joy that leaves behind
A mortal taste.

The uncompleted end of all things dear,
The clanging door

Of Death, forever loud with the last fear,
Haunt them no more.

Without them the awakening world is dark
With dust and mire;

Yet as they went they flung to us a spark,
A thread of fire.

To guide us while beneath the sombre skies
Faltering we tread,
Until for us like morning stars shall rise
The deathless dead.

By permission of the Author and of
Martin Secker, London.

Later
English
Poems

Maurice
Baring

JULIAN GRENFELL

Because of you we will be glad and gay,
Remembering you, we will be brave and
strong;

And hail the advent of each dangerous day,
And meet the last adventure with a song.
And, as you proudly gave your jewelled gift,
We'll give our lesser offering with a smile,
Nor falter on that path where, all too swift,
You led the way and leapt the golden stile.

Whether new paths, new heights to climb you
find

Or gallop through the unfooted asphodel,
We know you know we shall not lag behind,
Nor halt to waste a moment on a fear;
And you will speed us onward with a cheer,
And wave beyond the stars that all is well.

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Harold Monro

LAKE LEMAN

(From "*Before Dawn*")

It is the sacred hour: above the far
Low emerald hills that northward fold,
Calmly upon the blue the evening star
Floats, wreathed in dusky gold.
The winds have sung all day; but now they lie
Faint, sleeping; and the evening sounds awake.
The slow bell tolls across the water: I
Am haunted by the spirit of the lake.
It seems as though the sounding of the bell
Intoned the low song of the water-soul,
And at some moments I can hardly tell
The long-resounding echo from the toll.
O thou mysterious lake, thy spell
Holds all who round thy fruitful margin dwell.
Oft have I seen home-going peasants' eyes
Lit with the peace that emanates from thee.
Those who among thy waters plunge, arise
Filled with new wisdom and serenity.
Thy veins are in the mountains. I have heard,
Down-stretched beside thee at the silent noon,
With leaning head attentive to thy word,
A secret and delicious mountain-tune,
Proceeding as from many shadowed hours
In ancient forests carpeted with flowers,
Or far, where hidden waters, wandering

136

Through banks of snow, trickle, and meet, and
sing.

Ah, what repose at noon to go,
Lean on thy bosom, hold thee with wide hands,
And listen for the music of the snow!

But most, as now,
When harvest covers thy surrounding lands,
I love thee, with a coronal of sheaves
Crowned regent of the day;
And on the air thy placid breathing leaves
A scent of corn and hay.

For thou hast gathered (as a mother will
The sayings of her children in her heart)
The harvest-thoughts of reapers on the hill,
When the cool rose and honeysuckle fill
The air, and fruit is laden on the cart.
Thou breathest the delight
Of summer evening at the deep-roofed farm,
And meditation of the summer night,
When the enravished earth is lying warm
From recent kisses of the conquering sun.

Dwell as a spirit in me, O thou one
Sweet natural presence. In the years to be
When all the mortal loves perchance are done,
Them I will bid farewell, but, oh, not thee.
I love thee. When the youthful visions fade,
Fade thou not also in the hopeless past.
Be constant and delightful, as a maid
Sought over all the world, and found at last.

By permission of the Author

Later
English
Poems

Harold
Monro

HEARTHSTONE

(From "*Children of Love*")

I want nothing but your fireside now.
Friend, you are sitting there alone I know,
And the quiet flames are licking up the soot,
Or crackling out of some enormous root:
All the logs on your hearth are four feet long.
Everything in your room is wide and strong
According to the breed of your hard thought.
Now you are leaning forward; you have
 caught
That great dog by his paw and are holding it,
And he looks sidelong at you, stretching a bit,
Drowsing with open eyes, huge warm and
 wide,
The full hearth-length on his slow-breathing
 side.
Your book has dropped unnoticed: you have
 read
So long you cannot send your brain to bed.
The low quiet room and all its things are
 caught
And linger in the meshes of your thought.
(Some people think they know time cannot
 pause)
Your eyes are closing now though not because
Of sleep. You are searching something with
 your brain;
You have let the old dog's paw drop down
 again
Now suddenly you hum a little catch,
And pick up the book. The wind rattles the
 latch;
There's a patter of light cool rain and the
 curtain shakes;

The silly dog growls, moves and almost wakes. **Later**
The kettle near the fire one moment hums. **English**
Then a long peace upon the whole room comes. **Poems**
So the sweet evening will draw to its bedtime —
 end. **Harold**
I want nothing now but your fireside, friend. **Monro**

By permission of the Author

William H. Davies

SWEET STAY-AT-HOME

(From "*Foliage*")

Sweet Stay-at-Home, sweet Well-content,
Thou knowest of no strange continent :
Thou hast not felt thy bosom keep
A gentle motion with the deep ;
Thou hast not sailed in Indian seas,
Where scent comes forth in every breeze.
Thou hast not seen the rich grape grow
For miles, as far as eyes can go ;
Thou hast not seen a summer's night
When maids could sew by a worm's light ;
Nor the North Sea in spring send out
Bright hues that like birds flit about
In solid cages of white ice—
Sweet Stay-at-Home, sweet Love-one-place.
Thou hast not seen black fingers pick
White cotton when the bloom is thick,
Nor heard black throats in harmony ;
Nor hast thou sat on stones that lie
Flat on the earth, that once did rise
To hide proud kings from common eyes.
Thou hast not seen plains full of bloom
Where green things had such little room
They pleased the eye like fairer flowers—
Sweet Stay-at-Home, all these long hours.
Sweet Well-content, sweet Love-one-place,

Sweet, simple maid, bless thy dear face;
For thou hast made more homely stuff
Nurture thy gentle self enough;
I love thee for a heart that's kind—
Not for the knowledge in thy mind.

Later
English
Poems

William H.
Davies

By permission of the Author and of
Jonathan Cape, Publisher, London.

LEISURE

What is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

No time to stand beneath the boughs
And stare as long as sheep or cows.

No time to see, when woods we pass,
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass.

No time to see, in broad daylight,
Streams full of stars, like skies at night.

No time to turn at Beauty's glance,
And watch her feet, how they can dance.

No time to wait till her mouth can
Enrich that smile her eyes began.

A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

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Jonathan Cape, Publisher, London.

Gerald Gould

FALLEN CITIES

I gathered with a careless hand,
 There where the waters night and day
 Are languid in the idle bay,
A little heap of golden sand;
 And, as I saw it, in my sight
 Awoke a vision brief and bright,
A city in a pleasant land.

I saw no mound of earth, but fair
 Turrets and domes and citadels,
 With murmuring of many bells;
The spires were white in the blue air,
 And men by thousands went and came,
 Rapid and restless, and like flame
Blown by their passions here and there.

With careless hand I swept away
 The little mound before I knew;
 The visioned city vanished too,
And fall'n beneath my fingers lay.
 Ah God! how many hast Thou seen,
 Cities that are not and have been,
By silent hill and idle bay!

By permission of the Author and of
the Publisher, Basil Blackwell, Oxford, England

'TIS BUT A WEEK

Later
English
Poems

'Tis but a week since down the glen
The trampling horses came
—Half a hundred fighting men
With all their spears aflame!
They laughed and clattered as they went,
And round about their way
The blackbirds sang with one consent
In the green leaves of May.

—
Gerald
Gould

Never again shall I see them pass;
They'll come victorious never;
Their spears are withered all as grass,
Their laughter's laid for ever;
And where they clattered as they went,
And where their hearts were gay,
The blackbirds sing with one consent
In the green leaves of May.

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the Publisher, Basil Blackwell, Oxford, England

Sir Ronald
Ross

Sir Ronald Ross

HESPERUS

Ah whither dost thou fleet, sweet silent star,
In yonder floods of evening's dying light?
Before the fanning wings of rising night,
Methinks thy silvery bark is driven far
To some lone isle or calmly havened shore,
Where the lorn eye of man can follow thee no
more.

How many a one hath watched thee even
as I,
And unto thee and thy receding ray
Poured forth his thoughts with many a
treasured sigh
Too sweet and strange for the remorseless
day;
But thou hast gone and left unto their sight
Too great a host of stars, and yet too black a
night.

E'en as I gaze upon thee, thy bright form
Doth sail away among the cloudy isles
Around whose shores the sea of sunlight
smiles.
On thee may break no black and boisterous
storm
To turn the tenor of thy calm career.
As thou wert long ago so now thou dost
appear.

Art thou a tear left by the exiled day
Upon the dusky cheek of drowsy night?
Or dost thou as a lark carol away
Full in the liquid glow of heavenly light?
Or, bent on discord and angelic wars,
As some bright spirit tread before the troop-
ing stars?

Later
English
Poems

Sir Ronald
Ross

The disenchanted vapours hide thee fast;
The watery twilight fades and night comes
on;
One lingering moment more and thou art
gone,
Lost in the rising sea of clouds that cast
Their inundations o'er the darkening air;
And wild the night wind wails the lightless
world's despair.

From *Georgian Poetry*, 1911-12
By permission of the Author

Ralph Hodgson

(From "*The Song of Honour*")

I climbed a hill as light fell short,
And rooks came home in scramble sort,
And filled the trees and flapped and fought
And sang themselves to sleep;
An owl from nowhere with no sound
Swung by and soon was nowhere found,
I heard him calling half-way round,
Holloing loud and deep;
A pair of stars, faint pins of light,
Then many a star, sailed into sight,
And all the stars, the flower of night,
Were round me at a leap;
To tell how still the valleys lay
I heard a watchdog miles away,
And bells of distant sheep.

I heard no more of bird or bell,
The mastiff in a slumber fell,
I stared into the sky,
As wondering men have always done
Since beauty and the stars were one,
Though none so hard as I.

It seemed, so still the valleys were,
As if the whole world knelt at prayer,
Save me and me alone;
So pure and wide that silence was

I feared to bend a blade of grass,
And there I stood like stone.

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Later
English
Poems

Ralph
Hodgson

TIME, YOU OLD GIPSY MAN

Time, you old gipsy man,
Will you not stay,
Put up your caravan
Just for one day?

All things I'll give you
Will you be my guest,
Bells for your jennet
Of silver the best,
Goldsmiths shall beat you
A great golden ring,
Peacocks shall bow to you,
Little boys sing,
Oh, and sweet girls will
Festoon you with may,
Time, you old gipsy,
Why hasten away?
Last week in Babylon,
Last night in Rome,
Morning, and in the crush
Under Paul's dome;
Under Paul's dial
You tighten your rein—
Only a moment,
And off once again;
Off to some city
Now blind in the womb,

Off to another
Ere that's in the tomb.

Time, you old gipsy man,
Will you not stay,
Put up your caravan
Just for one day?

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THE MYSTERY

He came and took me by the hand
Up to a red rose tree,
He kept His meaning to Himself
But gave a rose to me.

I did not pray Him to lay bare
The mystery to me,
Enough the rose was Heaven to smell,
And His own face to see.

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James Elroy Flecker

THOUGHTS OF ENGLAND

Oh, shall I never, never be home again!
Meadows of England shining in the rain
Spread wide your daisied lawns: your ram-
parts green

With briar fortify, with blossom screen
Till my far morning—and O streams that slow
And pure and deep through plains and play-
lands go,

For me your love and all your kingcups store,
And—dark militia of the southern shore,
Old fragrant friends—preserve me the last
lines

Of that long saga that you sang me, pines,
When, lonely boy, beneath the chosen tree
I listened, with my eyes upon the sea.

O traitor pines, you sang what life has found
The falsest of fair tales.

Earth blew a far-horn prelude all around,
That native music of her forest home,
While from the sea's blue fields and syren dales
Shadows and light noon spectres of the foam
Riding the summer gales
On aery viols plucked an idle sound.

Hearing you sing, O trees,
Hearing you murmur, "There are older seas,

That beat on vaster sand,
Where the wise snailfish move their pearly
towers

To carven rocks and sculptured promont'ries,"
Hearing you whisper, "Lands
Where blaze the unimaginable flowers."

Beneath me in the valley waves the palm,
Beneath, beyond the valley, breaks the sea;
Beneath me sleep in mist and light and calm
Cities of Lebanon, dream-shadow-dim,
Where Kings of Tyre and Kings of Tyre did
rule

In ancient days in endless dynasty,
And all around the snowy mountains swim
Like mighty swans afloat in heaven's pool.

But I will walk upon the wooded hill
Where stands a grove, O pines, of sister pines,
And when the downy twilight droops her wing
And no sea glimmers and no mountain shines
My heart shall listen still.

For pines are gossip pines the wide world
through

And full of Runic tales to sigh or sing.

'Tis ever sweet through pines to see the sky
Blushing a deeper gold or darker blue.

'Tis ever sweet to lie

On the dry carpet of the needles brown,
And though the fanciful green lizard stir
And windy odours light as thistledown
Breathe from the lavdanon and lavender,
Half to forget the wandering and the pain,
Half to remember days that have gone by,
And dream and dream that I am home again!

By permission of the Publisher
Martin Secker, London, England.

Lascelles Abercrombie

THE SECOND VISION: SAPPHO*

(From "*Emblems of Love*")

"Into how fair a fortune hath man's life
Fallen out of the darkness!—This bright earth
Maketh my heart to falter; yea, my spirit
Bends and bows down in the delight of vision,
Caught by the force of beauty, swayed about
Like seaweed moved by the deep winds of
water:

For it is all the news of love to me.
Through paths pine-fragrant, where the shaded
ground

Is strewn with fruits of scarlet husk, I come,
As if through maidenhood's uncertainty,
Its darkness coloured with strange untried
thoughts;

Hither I come, here to the flowery peak
Of this white cliff, high up in golden air,
Where glowing earth and sea and divine light
Are in mine eyes like ardour, and like love
Are in my soul: love's glowing gentleness,
The sunny grass of meadows and the trees,

*Sappho of Lesbos, styled "The Tenth Muse," whose great literary reputation is based on a few fragments of her poetry which survive. Mr. Abercrombie here endeavours to reproduce some of the charms of her surviving lines and especially her profound feeling for the beauty of nature.

Towers of dark green flame, and that white
town
Where from the hearths, a fragrance of burnt
wood,

Blue-purple smoke creeps like a stain of wine
Along the paved blue sea: yea, all this kindness
Lies amid salt immeasurable flowing,
The power of the sea, passion of love.
I, Sappho, have made love the mastery
Most sacred over man; but I have made it
A safety of things gloriously known,
To house his spirit from the darkness blowing
Out of the vast unknown."

By permission of the Publisher
John Lane, London, England.

J. C. Squire

PARADISE LOST

What hues the sunlight had, how rich the
 shadows were,
The blue and tangled shadows dropped from
 the crusted branches
Of the warped apple-trees upon the orchard
 grass.

How heavenly pure the blue of two smooth
 eggs that lay
Light on the rounded mud that lined the
 thrush's nest:
And what a deep delight the spots that speckled
 them.

And that small tinkling stream that ran from
 hedge to hedge,
Shadowed over by the trees and glinting in the
 sunbeams,
How clear the water was, how flat the beds of
 sand
With travelling bubbles mirrored, each one a
 golden world
To my enchanted eyes. Then earth was new to
 me.

But now I walk this earth as it were a lumber
 room,
And sometimes live a week, seeing nothing
 but mere herbs,

Mere stones, mere passing birds: nor look at
anything
Long enough to feel its conscious calm assault:
The strength of it, the word, the royal heart
of it.

Childhood will not return; but have I not the
will
To strain my turbid mind that soils all outer
things,
And, open again to all the miracles of light,
To see the world with the eyes of a blind man
gaining sight?

By permission of the Author

SONNET

There was an Indian, who had known no
change,
Who strayed content along a sunlit beach
Gathering shells. He heard a sudden strange
Commingled noise; looked up; and gasped
for speech.
For in the bay, where nothing was before,
Moved on the sea, by magic, huge canoes,
With bellying cloths on poles, and not one oar,
And fluttering coloured signs and clamber-
ing crews.
And he, in fear, this naked man alone,
His fallen hands forgetting all their shells,
His lips gone pale, knelt low behind a stone,
And stared, and saw, and did not understand,
Columbus's doom-burdened caravels
Slant to the shore, and all their seamen land.

By permission of the Author

James Stephens

DEIRDRE*

Do not let any woman read this verse;
It is for men and after them their sons
And their sons' sons.

The time comes when our hearts sink utterly;
When we remember Deirdre and her tale,
And that her lips are dust.

Once she did tread the earth: men took her
hand;
They looked into her eyes and said their say,
And she replied to them.

More than a thousand years it is since she
Was beautiful: she trod the waving grass;
She saw the clouds.

A thousand years! The grass is still the same,
The clouds as lovely as they were that time
When Deirdre was alive.

But there has never been a woman born
Who was so beautiful, not one so beautiful
Of all the women born.

Let all men go apart and mourn together;
No man can ever love her; not a man
Can ever be her lover.

No man can bend before her: no man say—
What could one say to her? There are no
words

That one could say to her!

Now she is but a story that is told
Beside the fire! No man can ever be
The friend of that poor queen.

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Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London, England.

*The story of Deirdre belongs to the famous Ulster cycle, which is probably Ireland's most important contribution to the world's literature. The story of the Ulster cycle which is better known than any other is "The tragical death of the sons of Usnech or the Life and Death of Deirdre." The tale of the unhappy life of this most beautiful of women survives in the minds and hearts of the common people down to the present day, although Irish annalists agree in placing the incidents of the story as far back as the beginning of the Christian era. It is foretold of Deirdre, a child-girl of marvellous beauty, that she will be the cause of great misfortunes. Accordingly, Conchobar, king of Ulster, the main actor in the drama, who has lost his wife, determines to keep the child in solitude till she reaches nubile years, with a view to marrying her himself. However, one of the three sons of Usnech carries her off to Scotland, where they live for many years. They are induced to return to Ulster, but Conchobar resorts to treachery and is a party to the death of the three sons of Usnech. Various versions of Deirdre's subsequent fate agree in assigning a wretched existence to this most beautiful woman.

H. de Vere Stacpoole

THE FLAG-SHIP

Humped in the dawn-light, grey and grim,
Half veiled by night the Flag-ship lies,
Whose guns can hit beyond the rim
Of ocean where it meets the skies;
Whose speed can give the gulls good-bye,
Whose flag floats o'er all flags that fly.

Through all the world the battle's din
Is heard, and yet the silence here,
Where with the dawn the tide comes in,
Is broken not, save by the clear
Call of a gull that on the wind
Leaves bay and silence far behind.

Yet all the fume and stress of war
Are ruled from here as by a star,
And all the phases of the fight
Checked by this form half-veiled in night.

Great is the sea, and great are they
Who once obtain its mastery;
Who knows it, he has learned to pray,
Who loves it knows its mystery.

And none may claim its mastery
Who love it not with heart and soul;
And none may know its mystery
Who seek it not from pole to pole.

Later
English
Poems

H. de Vere
Stacpoole

Less ship than symbol, here behold
This veiled form in the lonely bay.
Drake's little ships are in its mould,
And Nelson's metal in the grey
Lean guns that look towards the day.

By permission of the Author
and the Publishers, Hutchinson & Co., London.

Robin Flower

TIR NA N-OG*

I heard the summer calling across great
breadths of sea

In the landwind and the seawind and the wind
of gramarie;

For the seawind speaks in thunder and the
landwind whispers low,

But the little wind of faery you scarce can hear
it blow.

But listen, listen, listen and you shall hear afar
A low and lovely murmur like the singing of
a star;

But listen, listen, listen till all things fade and
fall

And the lone and luring music is master over
all.

And you shall hear it chanting in one triumph-
ant chime

Of the life that lives for ever and the fugitives
of time

Beyond the green lands border and the wash-
ing wastes of sea

In the world beyond the world's end, where
nothing is but glee.

*The country of the young.

Later
English
Poems

Robin
Flower

The magic waters gird it, and skies of laugh-
ing blue

Keep always faith with summer and summer
still is true;

There is no end of dancing and sweet unceas-
ing song

And eyes to eyes make answer and love with
love grows strong.

But close your ears and silence the crying of
your heart

Lest in the world of mortals you walk a man
apart

For O! I heard the music and answered to the
call

And the landwind mocks my longing and the
seawind saddens all.

By permission of the Author

Rupert Brooke

THE DEAD—I.

Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.
These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhopèd serene
That men call age; and those who would have
been,

Their sons, they gave, their immortality.
Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for
our dearth,

Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.
Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
And Nobleness walks in our ways again;
And we have come into our heritage.

THE DEAD—II.

These hearts were woven of human joys and
cares,

Washed marvellously with sorrow, swift to
mirth.

The years had given them kindness. Dawn
was theirs,

And sunset, and the colours of the earth.

These had seen movement, and heard music;
known

Slumber and waking; loved; gone proudly
friended;

Felt the quick stir of wonder; sat alone;

Touched flowers and furs and cheeks. All
this is ended.

There are waters blown by changing winds to
laughter

And lit by the rich skies, all day. And after,
Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves that
dance

In wandering loveliness. He leaves a white
Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,
A width, a shining peace, under the night.

*From The Poems of Rupert Brooke,
McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, Publishers.
By permission.*

THE SOLDIER

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made
aware,

Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to
roam;

A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.
And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by
England given;

Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her
day;

And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentle-
ness,

In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

*From The Poems of Rupert Brooke,
McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, Publishers.
By permission.*

Theodore Maynard

THE WORLD'S MISER

I

A Miser with an eager face
Sees that each rose leaf is in place.
He keeps beneath strong bolts and bars
The piercing beauty of the stars.
The colours of the dying day
He hoards as treasure—well He may!—
And saves with care (lest they be lost)
The dainty diagrams of frost.
He counts the hairs of every head,
And grieves to see a sparrow dead.

II

Among the yellow primroses
He holds His summer palaces,
And sets the grass about them all
To guard them as his spearmen small.
He fixes on each wayside stone
A mark to show it as His own,
And knows when raindrops fall through
air
Whether each single one be there,

That gathered into ponds and brooks
They may become His picture-books,

To show in every spot and place
The living glory of his face.

From *Poems*, 1919,
McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, Publishers.
By permission.

SILENCE

Though I should deck you with my jewelled
rhyme,

And spread my songs a carpet at your feet,
Where men may see unchanged through
changing time

Your face a pattern in sad songs and sweet;
Though I should blow your honour through
the earth

Or touch your gentleness on gentle strings,
Or sing abroad your beauty and your worth---
Dearest, yet these were all imperfect things.

Rather in lovely silence will I keep
The heart's shut song no words of mine
may mar,

No words of mine enrich. The ways of sleep
And prayer and pain, all things that lonely
are,

All humble things that worship and rejoice
Shall weave a spell of silence for my voice.

From *Poems*, 1919,
McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, Publishers.
By permission.

Eden Phillpotts

IN GALLIPOLI

There is a fold of lion-coloured earth,
With stony feet in the Aegean blue,
Whereon of old dwelt loneliness and dearth
Sun-scorched and desolate; and when there
flew

The winds of winter in those dreary aisles
Of crag and cliff, a whirling snow-wreath
bound

The foreheads of the mountains, and their
miles

Of frowning precipice and scarp were wound
With stilly white, that peered through brood-
ing mist profound.

But now the myrtle and the rosemary,
The mastic and the rue, the scented thyme
With fragrant fingers gladdening the grey,
Shall kindle on a desert grown sublime.
Henceforth that haggard land doth guard and
hold

The treasure of a sovereign nation's womb—
Her fame, her worth, her pride, her purest
gold.

Oh, call ye not the sleeping place a tomb
That lifts to heaven's light such everlasting
bloom.

They stretch, now high, now low, the little
scars
Upon the rugged pelt of herb and stone;
Above them sparkle bells and buds and stars
Young Spring hath from her emerald kirtle
thrown.

Asphodel, crocus and anemone
With silver, azure, crimson once again
Ray all that earth, and from the murmuring
sea

Come winds to flash the leaves on shore and
plain

Where evermore our dead—our radiant dead
shall reign.

Imperishable as the mountain height
That marks their place afar, their numbers
shine,

Who with the first-fruits of a joyful might
To human liberty another shrine
Here sanctified; nor vainly have they sped
That made this desert dearer far than home,
And left one sanctuary more to tread
For England, whose memorial pathways roam
Beside her hero sons, beneath the field and
foam.

By permission of the Author

John Oxenham

FOR THE MEN AT THE FRONT

Lord God of Hosts, whose mighty hand
Dominion holds on sea and land,
In Peace and War Thy Will we see
Shaping the larger liberty.

Nations may rise and nations fall,
Thy Changeless Purpose rules them all.

When Death flies swift on wave or field,
Be Thou a sure defence and shield!
Console and succour those who fall,
And help and hearten each and all!

O, hear a people's prayers for those
Who fearless face their country's foes!

For those who weak and broken lie,
In weariness and agony—
Great Healer, to their beds of pain
Come, touch, and make them whole again!

O, hear a people's prayers, and bless
Thy servants in their hour of stress!

For those to whom the call shall come
We pray Thy tender welcome home.
The toil, the bitterness, all past,
We trust them to Thy Love at last.

O, hear a people's prayers for all
Who, nobly striving, nobly fall!

To every stricken heart and home,
O, come! In tenderest pity, come!
To anxious souls who wait in fear,
Be Thou most wonderfully near!
And hear a people's prayers, for faith
To quicken life and conquer death!

For those who minister and heal,
And spend themselves, their skill, their zeal—
Renew their hearts with Christ-like faith,
And guard them from disease and death.
And in Thine own good time, Lord, send
Thy Peace on earth till Time shall end!

By permission of the Author

W. M. Letts

THE SPIRES OF OXFORD

I saw the spires of Oxford
 As I was passing by,
The gray spires of Oxford
 Against a pearl-gray sky.
My heart was with the Oxford men
 Who went abroad to die.

The years go fast in Oxford,
 The golden years and gay,
The hoary Colleges look down
 On careless boys at play.
But when the bugle sounded war
 They put their games away.

They left the peaceful river,
 The cricket-field, the quad,
The shaven lawns of Oxford
 To seek a bloody sod—
They gave their merry youth away
 For country and for God.

God rest you, happy gentlemen,
 Who laid your good lives down,
Who took the khaki and the gun
 Instead of cap and gown.
God bring you to a fairer place
 Than even Oxford town.

By permission of the Author
and of John Murray, London

"And of all knights—I out-take none, say what men will
say—he beareth the flower of all chivalry."—Malory

W. M. Letts God took fine clay and made a man
 As brave and true, as clean and straight
 As any since the world began,
 And men were first at odds with fate.

His was the knighthood of a soul
Whose faith and honour cannot fail.
The Far-off City was his goal,
His quest the vision of Sancgreal.

Born of the race that sailed the sea
With Hawke and Frobisher and Drake,
He too could face death merrily
And risk his all and never quake.

Fearless and gentle, steel and fire,
Son of an order passing hence,
He rode like any old-time squire,
Rode straight and never shirked a fence.

What did he lack, what one thing more?
They could not tell who loved him best.
Only they saw God try him sore
And put his valour to the test.

From death upon the battlefield
He had not shrunk nor turned away.
But stauncher still he would not yield
To the long siege of every day.

He would not wince nor show the pain
Of that slow ordeal by fire.
He set his face and laughed again
Before his shattered heart's desire.

So God approved the deep-laid plan
We, blind-eyed, had not understood.
God said "Behold a gentleman,"
And smiled and saw His work was good.

By permission of the Author
and of John Murray, London

Later
English
Poems

W. M. Letts

Patrick R. Chalmers

THE GREAT ADVENTURE

(From "*Green Days and Blue Days*")

We saw the arc of the rainbow stand up o'er
the garden wall,

We scaled that perilous rampart to spy where
its foot might be,

We saw its trailing triumph, we marked its
flashing fall,

Over the hay-field, down by the river, under
the pollard-tree;

We saw the fall of the rainbow,

We guessed where the gold would be,
Under the pollard, pollard, pollard,

Under the pollard-tree!

We slipped through the garden wicket, we
sped through the haycocks proud,

Where, gemmed in the slanting sunset, each
winking raindrop shone,

But we saw ere we gained the river, afloat on
a purple cloud,

The magical arch of fairy glory over the
valley gone!

We saw the arc of the rainbow

As the slant of the sunset shone,
Over the valley, valley, valley,

Over the valley gone!

Then up and spake our captain, "A fig for such
fairy gold,
Come follow me back, my hearties, to the
things of every day;
For, touch but a magic treasure, 'twill crumble
to ashes cold,
So follow me back through the darkling hay-
cocks, back to the things that pay!"
We turned from the truant rainbow,
And went in the fading day,
Back through the hay-cocks, hay-cocks, hay-
cocks,
Back to the things that pay!

Later
English
Poems

Patrick R.
Chalmers

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Julian Grenfell

INTO BATTLE

(*May, 1915*)

The naked earth is warm with Spring,
And with green grass and bursting trees
Leans to the sun's gaze glorying,
And quivers in the sunny breeze;
And Life is Colour and Warmth and Light,
And a striving evermore for these;
And he is dead who will not fight;
And who dies fighting has increase.

The fighting man shall from the sun
Take warmth, and life from the glowing
earth;
Speed with the light-foot winds to run,
And with the trees to newer birth;
And find, when fighting shall be done,
Great rest, and fulness after dearth.

All the bright company of Heaven
Hold him in their high comradeship,
The Dog-Star and the Sisters Seven,
Orion's Belt and sworded hip.

The woodland trees that stand together,
They stand to him each one a friend;
They gently speak in the windy weather;
They guide to valley and ridges' end.

The kestrel hovering by day,
And the little owls that call by night,
Bid him be swift and keen as they,
As keen of ear, as swift of sight.

Later
English
Poems

The blackbird sings to him, "Brother, brother,
If this be the last song you shall sing,
Sing well, for you may not sing another;
Brother, sing."

Julian
Grenfell

In dreary doubtful waiting hours
Before the brazen frenzy starts,
The horses show him nobler powers;
O patient eyes, courageous hearts!

And when the burning moment breaks,
And all things else are out of mind,
And only Joy-of-Battle takes
Him by the throat, and makes him blind,

Through joy and blindness, he shall know,
Not caring much to know, that still
Nor lead nor steel shall reach him, so
That it be not the Destined Will.

The thundering line of battle stands,
And in the air Death moans and sings;
But Day shall clasp him with strong hands,
And Night shall fold him in soft wings.

By special permission of Lord Desborough.

Robert Nichols

AT THE WARS

Now that I am ta'en away,
And may not see another day,
What is it to my eye appears?
What sound rings in my stricken ears?
Not even the voice of any friend
Or eyes beloved-world-without-end,
But scenes and sounds of the country-side
In far England across the tide:
An upland field when Spring's begun,
Mellow beneath the evening sun. . . .
A circle of loose and lichen'd wall
Over which seven red pines fall. . . .
An orchard of wizen blossoming trees
Wherein the nesting chaffinches
Begin again the self-same song
All the late April day-time long. . . .
Paths that lead a shelving course
Between the chalk scarp and the gorse
By English downs; and, O! too well
I hear the hidden, clanking bell
Of wandering sheep. . . I see the brown
Twilight of the huge empty down. . . .
Soon blotted out! for now a lane
Glitters with warmth of May-time rain,
And on a shooting briar I see
A yellow bird who sings to me.

O yellow-hammer, once I heard
 Thy brief song when no other bird
 Could to my sunk heart comfort bring;
 But now I would not have thee sing,
 So sharp thy note is with the pain
 Of England I may not see again!
 Yet sing thy song: there answereth
 Deep in me a voice which saith:
 'The gorse upon the twilit down,
 The English loam so sunset brown,
 The bowed pines and the sheep-bells' clamour,
 The wet, lit lane and the yellow-hammer,
 The orchard and the chaffinch song,
 Only to the Brave belong.
 And he shall lose their joy for aye
 If their price he cannot pay,
 Who shall find them dearer far
 Enriched by blood after long War.'

By permission of the Author
 and of Chatto & Windus, London

Later
 English
 Poems

Robert
 Nichols

FAREWELL

For the last time, maybe, upon the knoll
 I stand. The eve is golden, languid, sad. . . .
 Day like a tragic actor plays his rôle
 To the last whispered word, and falls gold-
 clad.

I, too, take leave of all I ever had.

They shall not say I went with heavy heart:
 Heavy I am, but soon I shall be free;
 I love them all, but oh I now depart
 A little sadly, strangely, fearfully,
 As one who goes to try a Mystery.

The bell is sounding down in Dedham vale:
Be still, O bell! too often standing here
When all the air was tremulous, fine, and pale,
Thy golden note so calm, so still, so clear,
Out of my stony heart has struck a tear.

And now tears are not mine. I have release
From all the former and the later pain;
Like the mid-sea I rock in boundless peace,
Soothed by the charity of the deep sea rain. . . .
Calm rain! Calm sea! Calm found, long
sought in vain.

O bronzen pines, evening of gold and blue,
Steep mellow slope, brimmed twilit pools
below,
Hushed trees, still vale dissolving in the dew,
Farewell! Farewell! There is no more to do.
We have been happy. Happy now I go.

By permission of the Author
and of Chatto & Windus, London

Robert Graves

A PINCH OF SALT

When a dream is born in you
 With a sudden clamorous pain,
When you know the dream is true
 And lovely, with no flaw nor stain,
O then, be careful, or with sudden clutch
You'll hurt the delicate thing you prize so
 much.

Dreams are like a bird that mocks,
 Flirting the feathers of his tail.
When you seize at the salt-box
 Over the hedge you'll see him sail.
Old birds are neither caught with salt nor
 chaff:
They watch you from the apple bough and
 laugh.

Poet, never chase the dream.
 Laugh yourself and turn away.
Mask your hunger, let it seem
 Small matter if he come or stay;
But when he nestles in your hand at last,
Close up your fingers tight and hold him fast.

By permission
From *Fairies and Fusiliers*
London: William Heinemann

W. J. Turner

ROMANCE

When I was but thirteen or so
I went into a golden land,
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi
Took me by the hand.

My father died, my brother too,
They passed like fleeting dreams,
I stood where Popocatapetl
In the sunlight gleams.

I dimly heard the master's voice
And boys far-off at play,
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi
Had stolen me away.

I walked in a great golden dream
To and fro from school—
Shining Popocatapetl
The dusty streets did rule.

I walked home with a gold dark boy
And never a word I'd say,
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi
Had taken my speech away:

I gazed entranced upon his face
Fairer than any flower—
O shining Popocatapetl
It was thy magic hour:

The houses, people, traffic seemed
Thin fading dreams by day,
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi
They had stolen my soul away!

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from *The Hunter*.

Later
English
Poems

W. J.
Turner

H. H.
Bashford

H. H. Bashford

THE HIGH ROAD

Oh, once you were a bridle-path,
A hundred years and more ago,
Across the hills and o'er the hills
Your slender way you went.
Great-grand-dad was not married then,
I wonder whom you carried then,
Across the hills and o'er the hills
By many a steep ascent.

*On steady horse they went their way,
My stripling shoulders bore them well,
Across the hills and o'er the hills,
By valleys green and gold,
The gipsy to his tent I took,
The landlord for his rent I took,
The lover to his lady's hearth,
The farmer to his fold.*

And now you carry motor-cars,
Are broad and white and fair to see,
Important people know you well,
So straight you are and strong,
And now you carry kings sometimes,
The tramp of armies rings sometimes,
Across the hills and o'er the hills
Your mighty ways along.

*Yes, now I carry kings sometimes,
Important people know me well,
And men of wealth and motor-cars
I bear from town to town,
If only I could know them now,
What wonders I could show them now,
The simple folk that loved me once,
Before I gained renown.*

Later
English
Poems

H. H.
Bashford

Dear road, your secret tell me now,
Who also would be great like you,
And rise above my present lot,
And lose my humble name,
How came it that the bridle-path,
The slender, fond, and idle path,
That once you were in days gone by
Has won so great a fame.

*Grim engines have gone over me,
With granite have they walled me in,
With iron tools they wrought at me,
And laboured long and late,
'Twas thus I had to pay for it,
And there's no other way for it,
They hammer down your wayward earth
And so they make you great.*

By permission of
"Country Life," London, England.

F. W. Harvey

THE BUGLER

God dreamed a man;
Then, having firmly shut
Life like a precious metal in his fist
Withdrew, His labour done. Thus did begin
Our various divinity and sin.
For some to ploughshares did the metal twist,
And others—dreaming empires—straightway
cut
Crowns for their aching foreheads. Others
beat
Long nails and heavy hammers for the feet
Of their forgotten Lord. (Who dares to
boast
That he is guiltless?) Others coined it: most
Did with it—simply nothing. (Here again
Who cries his innocence?) Yet doth remain
Metal unmarred, to each man more or less,
Whereof to fashion perfect loveliness.
For me, I do but bear within my hand
(For sake of Him our Lord, now long for-
saken)
A simple bugle such as may awaken
With one high morning note a drowsing man:
That wheresoe'er within my motherland
That sound may come, 'twill echo far and wide
Like pipes of battle calling up a clan,
Trumpeting men through beauty to God's side.

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the Publishers, Sidgwick & Jackson, Ltd.,
from *Gloucestershire Friends*.

Eric Clough Taylor

A RING

Beneath an ancient tomb I found a ring,
 In Trebizond;
And graved in Greek within the slender thing
 These words I conned,
 Through dent and scar:
*"In summer and in winter, Near, and Far,
 Here, and Beyond."*

Oh, Grecian maiden, more than hero he,
 Who loved thee so,
And slipped upon thy finger delicately,
 Long years ago,
 This gift of gold,
And bound two souls with words that could
 withhold
 Time's ebb and flow!

Bruise Sorrow's heel, and trip sure-footed
 Death,

 And now respond
In answering echo of immortal breath
 Unaging bond
 No Doom can mar!
*"In Winter, and in Summer, Near, and Far,
 Here, and Beyond."*

By permission of
Country Life, London, England.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

THE GUARDS CAME THROUGH

Men of the 21st
Up by the Chalk Pit Wood,
Weak with our wounds and our thirst,
Wanting our sleep and our food,
After a day and a night—
God, shall we ever forget!
Beaten and broke in the fight,
But sticking it—sticking it yet.
Trying to hold the line,
Fainting and spent and done,
Always the thud and the whine,
Always the yell of the Hun!
Northumberland, Lancaster, York,
Durham and Somerset,
Fighting alone, worn to the bone,
But sticking it—sticking it yet.
Never a message of hope!
Never a word of cheer!
Fronting Hill 70's shell-swept slope,
With the dull dead plain in our rear.
Always the whine of the shell,
Always the roar of its burst,
Always the tortures of hell,
As waiting and wincing we cursed
Our luck and the guns and the Boche,
When our Corporal shouted "Stand to!"
And I heard someone cry, "Clear the front for
the Guards!"

And the Guards came through.
 Our throats they were parched and hot,
 But Lord if you'd heard the cheers!
 Irish and Welsh and Scot,
 Coldstream and Grenadiers.
 Two brigades, if you please,
 Dressing as straight as a hem,
 We—we were down on our knees,
 Praying for us and for them!
 Praying with tear-wet cheek,
 Praying with outstretched hand,
 Lord, I could speak for a week,
 But how could you understand!
 How should *your* cheeks be wet,
 Such feelin's don't come to *you*.
 But when can me or my mates forget,
 When the Guards came through!
 "Five yards left extend!"
 It passed from rank to rank.
 Line after line with never a bend,
 And a touch of the London swank.
 A trifle of swank and dash,
 Cool as a home parade,
 Twinkle and glitter and flash,
 Flinching never a shade,
 With the shrapnel right in their face
 Doing their Hyde Park stunt,
 Keeping their swing at an easy pace,
 Arms at the trail, eyes front!
 Man, it was great to see!
 Man, it was fine to do!
 It's a cot and a hospital ward for me,
 But I'll tell 'em in Blighty, wherever I be,
 How the Guards came through.

Later
 English
 Poems

—
 Sir Arthur
 Conan
 Doyle

From *The Guards Came Through and Other Poems*,
 McClelland and Stewart, Toronto, Publishers.
 By permission.

"Klaxon"

A SEA CHANTY

There's a whistle of the wind in the rigging
overhead,

And the tune is as plain as can be.

"Hey! down below there—d'you know it's
going to blow there,

All across the cold North Sea?"

And along comes the gale from the locker in
the North

By the Storm-King's hand set free,

And the wind and the snow and the sleet come
forth,

Let loose to the cold North Sea.

Tumble out the oilskins, the seas are running
white,

There's a wet watch due for me,

For we're heading to the east, and a long wet
night

As we drive at the cold North Sea.

See the water foaming as the waves go by

Like the tide on the sands of Dee;

Hear the gale a-piping in the halliards high

To the tune of the cold North Sea.

See how she's meeting them, plunging all the
while,

Till I'm wet to the sea-boot knee;
See how she's beating them—twenty to the
mile—

The waves of the cold North Sea.

Right across from Helgoland to meet the
English coast,

Lie better than the likes of we,—

Men that lived in many ways, but went to
join the host

That are buried by the cold North Sea.

Rig along the life-lines, double-stay the rails,
Lest the Storm-King call for a fee;

For if any man should slip, through the rolling
of the ship,

He'd be lost in the cold North Sea.

We are heading to the gale, and the driving of
the sleet,

And we're far to the east of 'Three.

Hey! you German sailormen, here's the British
Fleet

Waiting in the cold North Sea.

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Publishers, Edinburgh and London

TO—

"He went to sea on the long patrol"

He went to sea on the long patrol,
Away to the East from the Corton Shoal,

But now he's overdue.

He signalled me as he bore away
(A flickering lamp through leaping spray,
And darkness then till judgment day),

"So long! Good luck to you!"

Later
English
Poems

"Klaxon"

He's waiting out on the long patrol,
Till the names are called at the muster-roll
Of seamen overdue.
Far above him, in wind and rain,
Another is on patrol again—
The gap is closed in the Naval Chain
Where all the links are new.

Over his head the seas are white,
And the wind is blowing a gale to-night,
As if the Storm-King knew,
And roared a ballad of sleet and snow
To the man that lies on the sand below,
A trumpet-song for the winds to blow
To seamen overdue.

Was it sudden or slow—the death that
came?
Roaring water or sheets of flame?
The end with none to view?
No man can tell us the way he died,
But over the clouds Valkyries ride
To open the gates and hold them wide
For seamen overdue.

But whether the end was swift or slow,
By the Hand of God, or a German blow,
My messmate overdue—
You went to Death—and the whisper ran
As over the Gates the horns began,
Splendour of God! We have found a man—
Good-bye! Good luck to you!

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Publishers, Edinburgh and London

R. E. Vernède

TO CANADA

Canada, Canada, is not thy face most fair?

Is there a land men know fairer than thee?
Where is heaven half so vast? Where blows
a lovelier air?

What are thy sons doing here o'er the sea?

Have they forgot thy great hills and thy
crystal clear

Streams and deep woods and rich fields that
they come?

Are not their women loved? Are not their
children dear?

Why do they march at the roll of the drum?

Chill are the Belgian dunes, clammy the night
wind's breath,

Always the livid mists from the meres
creep;

Who takes the roads of France marches along-
side death—

Are thy sons weary to try the last sleep?

Ah, but thou knowest well, Canada, Canada,
Sweet's every inch of thee, dear's every
call;

Came but a cry from thee, every man's heart
would stir. . . .

Only thine honour is dearest of all. . . .

And they have sworn, thy sons, when thou art
mightier yet,
No man shall point at thee, none shall dare
say,

“When in the war of worlds, Cruelty and
Justice met,
Men of the maple hung back from the fray.”

So where the bugles call, there where the thin
lines reel,

Far from the land where their homes and
hearts be,

Stalwart and terrible, into the hail of steel,
Canada, lo, they are marching for thee!

By arrangement with James B. Pinker, London

Siegfried Sassoon

SICK LEAVE

When I'm asleep, dreaming and lulled and
warm,—

They come, the homeless ones, the noiseless
dead.

While the dim charging breakers of the storm
Bellow and drone and rumble overhead,
Out of the gloom they gather about my bed.
They whisper to my heart; their thoughts are
mine.

“Why are you here with all your watches
ended?

From Ypres to Frise we sought you in the
Line.”

In bitter safety I awake, unfriended;
And while the dawn begins with slashing rain
I think of the Battalion in the mud.

“When are you going out to them again?
Are they not still your brothers through our
blood?”

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and of Wm. Heinemann, London.

SONG-BOOKS OF THE WAR

In fifty years, when peace outshines
Remembrance of the battle lines,
Adventurous lads will sigh and cast
Proud looks upon the plundered past.
On summer morn or winter's night,
Their hearts will kindle for the fight,
Reading a snatch of soldier-song,
Savage and jaunty, fierce and strong;
And through the angry marching rhymes
Of blind regret and haggard mirth,
They'll envy us the dazzling times
When sacrifice absolved our earth.

Some ancient man with silver locks
Will lift his weary face to say:
"War was a fiend who stopped our clocks
Although we met him grim and gay."
And then he'll speak of Haig's last drive,
Marvelling that any came alive
Out of the shambles that men built
And smashed to cleanse the world of guilt.
But the boys, with grin and sidelong glance,
Will think, "Poor grandad's day is done."
And dream of lads who fought in France
And lived in time to share the fun.

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and of Wm. Heinemann, London.

Francis Brett Young

A FAREWELL TO AFRICA

Now once again, upon the pole-star's bearing,
We plough these furrowed fields where no
blade springeth;

Again the busy trade in the halyards singeth
Sun-whitened spindrift from the blown wave
shearing;

The uncomplaining sea suffers our faring;
In a brazen glitter our little wake is lost.
And the starry south rolls over until no ghost
Remaineth of us and all our pitiful daring;
For the sea beareth no trace of man's en-
deavour,

His might enarmoured, his prosperous ar-
gosies,

Soundless, within her unsounded caves, forever
She broodeth, knowing neither war nor peace,
And our grey cruisers holdeth in mind no more
Than the cedarn fleets that Sheba's treasure
bore.

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SONNET

Not only for remembered loveliness,
England, my mother, my own, we hold thee
rare

Who toil, and fight, and sicken beneath the
glare

Of brazen skies that smile on our duress,
Making us crave thy cloudy state no less
Than the sweet clarity of thy rain-wash'd air,
Meadows in moonlight cool, and every fair
Slow-fading flower of thy summer dress:
Not for thy flowers, but for the unfading
crown

Of sacrifice our happy brothers wove thee:
The joyous ones who laid thy beauty down
Nor stayed to see it shamed. For these we
love thee,

For this (O love, O dread!) we hold thee more
Divinely fair to-day than heretofore.

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Geoffrey Dearmer

KEATS, BEFORE ACTION

A little moment more—O, let me hear
(The thunder rolls above, and star-shells fall)
Those melodies unheard re-echo clear
Before the shuddering moment closes all.
They come—they come—they answer to my
call,

That Grecian throng of graven ecstasies,
Hyperion aglow in blazing skies,
And Cortez with the wonder in his eyes.
In battle-wreaths of smoke they rise, and fall
Beyond—beyond recall.

Now all is silent, still, and magic-keen
(Yet thunder rolls above and star-shells fall)
And slowly pacing, rides a faery queen
Wild eyed and singing to a knight in thrall.
Enough—enough—let lightning whip me bare
And leave me naked in the howling air
My body broken here, and here, and here.
Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all,
The very all in all.

By permission of the Author and of
Wm. Heinemann, Publisher, London.

"WE POETS OF THE PROUD OLD
LINEAGE"

Apart we labour, and alone we climb
The barren heights; for we the singing throng
Whose lives were hallowed by impassioned
song

Must die or prove unworthy of our rhyme.
Man after man—we know the price of wars
Who watched the mask of Night whilst others
slept,

And spread our laughter far and wide, but
kept

Our tears and terror privy to the stars.

O magic gift omnipotent, to sing
And conjure Heaven from surrounding Hell.
Our lips and eyes are touched (for we have
seen

Celestial weavers at the loom of Spring).
But O the iron bitterness and keen
Of voices ever clamouring farewell!

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P. H. B. Lyon

MORITURI TE SALUTANT

In this last hour, before the bugles blare
The summons of the dawn, we turn again
To you, dear country, you whom unaware
Through summer years of idle selfishness
We still have loved,—who loved us none the
less,

Knowing the destined hour would find us men.

O thrill and laughter of the busy town!
O flower-valleys, trees against the skies,
Wild moor and woodland, glade and sweeping
down,—

O land of our desire!—like sheep asleep
We have let pass the years, nor felt you creep
So close into our hearts' dear sanctities.

We have been dreamers, but our dreams are
cast

Henceforward in a more heroic mould;
We have kept faith with our immortal past.
Knights, we have found the lady of our love;
Minstrels have heard great harmonies, above
The lyrics that enraptured us of old.

The dawn's aglow with lustre of the sun. . . .
O love, O burning passion, that has made
Our day illustrious till its hours are done,—
Fire our dull hearts, that in our sun's eclipse,

When Death stoops low to kiss us on the lips,
He still may find us singing unafraid!

One thing we know, that love so greatly spent
Dies not when lovers die:—from hand to hand
We pass the torch and perish, well content
If in dark years to come our countrymen
Feel the divine flame leap in them again,
And so remember us, and understand.

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‘NOW TO BE STILL AND REST’

Now to be still and rest, while the heart re-
members

All that it learned and loved in the days
long past,

To stoop and warm our hands at the fallen
embers,

Glad to have come to the long way’s end at
last.

Now to awake, and feel no regret at waking,
Knowing the shadowy days are white
again,

To draw our curtains and watch the slow dawn
breaking

Silver and grey on English field and lane.

Now to fulfil our dreams, in woods and
meadows

Treading the well-loved paths—to pause
and cry

‘So, even so I remember it’—seeing the
shadows

Weave on the distant hills their tapestry.

Now to rejoice in children and join their
 laughter,
 Tuning our hearts once more to the fairy
 strain,
To hear our names on voices we love, and after
 Turn with a smile to sleep and our dreams
 again.

Later
English
Poems

P. H. B.
Lyon

Then—with a new-born strength, the sweet
 rest over,
 Gladly to follow the great white road
 once more,
To work with a song on our lips and the heart
 of a lover,
 Building a city of peace on the wastes of
 war.

By permission of the Author
and of *The Spectator*, London.

Wilfred Owen

STRANGE MEETING

It seemed that out of the battle I escaped
Down some profound dull tunnel, long since
scooped
Through granites which Titanic wars had
groined.
Yet also there encumbered sleepers groaned,
Too fast in thought or death to be bestirred.
Then, as I probed them, one sprang up, and
stared
With piteous recognition in fixed eyes,
Lifting distressful hands as if to bless.
And by his smile, I knew that sullen hall;
With a thousand fears that vision's face was
grained;
Yet no blood reached there from the upper
ground,
And no guns thumped, or down the flues made
moan.
"Strange, friend," I said, "Here is no cause
to mourn."
"None," said the other, "Save the undone
years,
The hopelessness. Whatever hope is yours,
Was my life also; I went hunting wild
After the wildest beauty in the world,
Which lies not calm in eyes, or braided hair,

But mocks the steady running of the hour,
And if it grieves, grieves richlier than here.
For by my glee might many men have laughed,
And of my weeping something has been left,
Which must die now. I mean the truth untold,
The pity of war, the pity war distilled.
Now men will go content with what we spoiled,
Or, discontent, boil bloody, and be spilled.
They will be swift with swiftness of the
tigress,
None will break ranks, though nations trek
from progress.
Courage was mine, and I had mystery;
Wisdom was mine, and I had mastery;
To miss the march of this retreating world
Into vain citadels that are not walled.
Then, when much blood had clogged their
chariot-wheels
I would go up and wash them from sweet
wells,
Even with truths that lie too deep for taint.
I would have poured my spirit without stint
But not through wounds; not on the cess of
war.
Foreheads of men have bled where no wounds
were.
I am the enemy you killed, my friend.
I knew you in this dark; for so you frowned
Yesterday through me as you jabbed and
killed.
I parried; but my hands were loath and cold.
Let us sleep now

By permission of the poet's mother.
From *Poems*, by Wilfred Owen:
Chatto & Windus, London.

Edmund Blunden

ALMSWOMEN

At Quincey's moat the squandering village
ends

And there in the almshouse dwell the dearest
friends

Of all the village, two old dames that cling
As close as any trueloves in the spring.

Long, long ago they passed threescore-and-
ten,

And in this doll's house lived together then;
All things they have in common, being so poor,
And their one fear, Death's shadow at the
door.

Each sundown makes them mournful, each
sunrise

Brings back the brightness in their failing eyes.

How happy go the rich fair-weather days
When on the roadside folk stare in amaze
At such a honeycomb of fruit and flowers
As mellows round their threshold; what long
hours

They gloat upon their steeping hollyhocks,
Bee's balsams, feathery southernwood, and
stocks,

Fiery dragon's-mouths, great mallow leaves
For salves, and lemon-plants in bushy sheaves,

Shagged Esau's-hands with five green finger-tips.

Later
English
Poems

Such old sweet names are ever on their lips.
As pleased as little children where these grow
In cobbled pattens and worn gowns they go,
Proud of their wisdom when on gooseberry
shoots

Edmund
Blunden

They stuck eggshells to fright from coming
fruits

The brisk-billed rascals; pausing still to see
Their neighbour owls saunter from tree to
tree,

Or in the hushing half-light mouse the lane
Long-winged and lordly.

But when these hours wane,
Indoors they ponder, scared by the harsh storm
Whose pelting saracens on the window swarm,
And listen for the mail to clatter past
And church clock's deep bay withering on the
blast;

They feed the fire that flings a freakish light
On pictured kings and queens grotesquely
bright,

Platters and pitchers, faded calendars
And graceful hour-glass trim with lavenders.

Many a time they kiss and cry, and pray
That both be summoned in the selfsame day,
And wiseman linnet tinkling in his cage
End too with them the friendship of old age,
And all together leave their treasured room
Some bell-like evening when the may's in
bloom.

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Dorothy E.
Norman-
Smith

Dorothy E. Norman-Smith

DAY'S END

They said: "The sunset's wonderful—
Golden and rose behind the trees."
"Come and watch at the gate with us;
There's a tang of salt in the evening breeze."
But I was busy with homing goats,
And a milk-pail filling between my knees.

They said: "There are stars in the sky to-
night,
And a faint, white mist on the sleeping
heather."

They said: "There are gnats abroad to-night—
To-morrow should bring us better weather."
But I was feeding my yellow chicks
And getting to-morrow's fuel together.

They said: "You are missing the magic even—
You, with your chickens and goats and wood."
They said: "There is splendour on every hand.
You are blind—you could see if you only
would,"

But I was doffing my gingham gown
And coaxing my hair to a smoother mood.

They went in-doors to their cards and wine,
And I alone, at last, by the gate,
With the dear, familiar dark around,
And the day's work done; so I could wait

To watch you come over the dim hill-brow,
Wearily bent with your burden's weight.

Then the stars burned low and passionate
white;

The sea-breeze carried your call through the
night;

And the gnats' mad promise of better weather
Was swift o'er the scented sleep of the heather.

And night's full splendour shone far and free
When you waved your shabby old hat to me.

Later
English
Poems

Dorothy E.
Norman-
Smith

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Index of Authors

- Abercrombie, Lascelles, 151
 A. E. (See Russell, Geo. W.), 92
 Baring, Maurice, 133
 Bashford, H. H., 182
 Begbie, Harold, 97
 Belloc, Hilaire, 91
 Binyon, Laurence, 63
 Blunden, Edmund, 204
 Bottomley, Gordon, 125
 Bridges, Robert, 43
 Brooke, Rupert, 161
 Chalmers, Patrick R., 172
 Chesterton, G. K., 96
 Crosland, T. W. H., 74
 Davies, William H., 140
 Dearmer, Geoffrey, 197
 De la Mare, Walter, 128
 Doyle, Sir Arthur Conan, 186
 Drinkwater, John, 120
 Flecker, James Elroy, 149
 Flower, Robin, 159
 Freeman, John, 117
 Gibson, Wilfrid Wilson, 106
 Gosse, Edmund, 48
 Gould, Gerald, 142
 Graves, Robert, 179
 Grenfell, Julian, 174
 Hardy, Thomas, 46
 Harvey, F. W., 184
 Hewlett, Maurice, 83
 Hodgson, Ralph, 146
 Housman, Laurence, 130
 Hueffer, Ford Madox, 105
 "Klaxon", 188
 Kipling, Rudyard, 59
 Le Gallienne, Richard, 80
 Letts, Winifred M., 169
 Lyon, P. H. B., 199
 Macfie, Ronald Campbell, 67
 Masefield, John, 103
 Maynard, Theodore, 163
 Monro, Harold, 136
 Moore, T. Sturge, 94
 Nevinson, Henry W., 112
 Newbolt, Sir Henry, 76
 Nichols, Robert, 176
 Norman-Smith, Dorothy E., 206
 Noyes, Alfred, 123
 Owen, Wilfred, 202
 Oxenham, John, 167
 Phillips, Stephen, 72
 Phillpotts, Eden, 165
 Quiller-Couch, Sir Arthur, 65
 Ross, Sir Ronald, 144
 Russell, George William, 92
 (See A. E.)
 Sassoon, Siegfried, 193
 Seaman, Sir Owen, 86
 Shorter, Mrs. Clement K., 70
 (See Sigerson, Dora)
 Sigerson, Dora, 70
 Smith, C. Fox, 110
 Squire, J. C., 153
 Stacpoole, H. de Vere, 157
 Stephens, James, 155
 Taylor, Eric Clough, 185
 Trench, Herbert, 113
 Turner, W. J., 180
 Tynan, Katharine, 54
 Vernede, R. E., 191
 Watson, Sir William, 50
 Yeats, William Butler, 57
 Young, Francis Brett, 195

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